The Literary Digest

FOR AUGUST 15, 1936

Volume 122 • Number 7 • Whole No. 2417

Copyright 1936 • Funk & Wagnalls Company
Published at 354 Fourth Ave. • New York

Contents

MAIL 1
TOPICS OF THE DAY 3
TOPICS IN BRIEF 10
FOREIGN COMMENT 11
SCIENCE AND MEDICINE 17
DRAMA AND MUSIC 20
LETTERS AND ART 22
EDUCATION 24
SOCIAL SERVICE 26
OFF-SIDE 29
PARADE 30
COURTS 31
SPORT AND SPORTSMEN 32
WHEELS 35
FINANCE AND INDUSTRY 36
THE SPICE OF LIFE 40

Information for Subscribers

TERMS: United States and Canada, $4.00 a year, in advance; $2.00 six months; 10 cents a copy. Foreign countries, $5.00 a year.

Semiannual Indexes will be sent free to subscribers who apply for them.

Instructions for *renewal, discontinuance* or *change of address* should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both old and new addresses must always be given.

THE LITERARY DIGEST is published weekly by Funk & Wagnalls Company, WILFRED J. FUNK, *President;* ROBERT J. CUDDIHY, *Vice-President and Treasurer;* WILLIAM NEISEL, *Secretary*, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., London Office, 27a Farringdon Street. Printed in the U. S. A. Entered as second-class matter, March 24, 1890, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Entered as second-class matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

THE LITERARY DIGEST title is registered in U. S. Patent Office, and in Foreign Countries. PUBLIC OPINION, New York, and CURRENT OPINION, New York, combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST. (Title registered in U. S. Patent Office.)

Mail

Trotters and Pacers

Sir:—On the front page of your August 1 edition is an excellent photograph of a harness-horse race with the caption below, "Trotters Take the Turn." To any one knowing harness-horse racing, it is obvious that these "trotters" are pacers. They are all proceeding at the lateral gait, i.e., one side moves in unison as distinguished from the diagonal gait in which the horse steps out with one front leg and the opposite hind one.

I appreciate that the above does not matter much, however, to the average reader.

C. H. MERRILL.

Oskaloosa, Iowa.

[Mr. Merrill does not know his average reader. THE LITERARY DIGEST has been *flooded* with covers of the edition which went out under the caption, "Trotters Take the Turn."

The editorial staff shudders to think of the deluge which might have occurred had not the mistake been noticed before the later copies were printed.

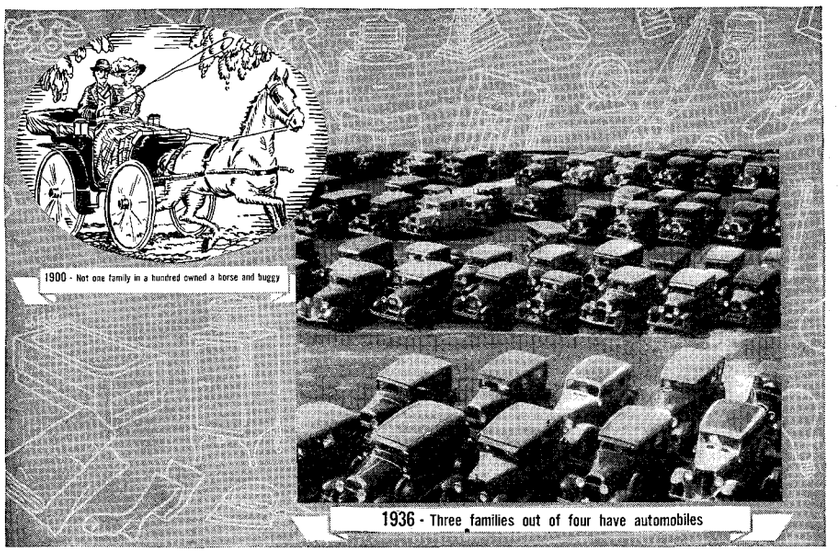
Fortunately, most of THE LITERARY DIGEST readers got the copies with the caption "Taking the Turn."—*Editor.*]

Trades and Crime

Sir:—In your issue of July 25 in the topic "Trades and Crime," the writer states that the farmer is less likely to land in prison.

I have made quite an extensive study of the population of our State institutions for the last number of years. Of course, in our State a great part of the population is farmers. The proportion of the farmers in

(Continued on page 39)



More Goods for More People

IN 1900, not one family in a hundred owned a horse and buggy; today, three out of four have cars. One family in thirteen had a telephone; now, one family in two. In 1900, modern plumbing and central heating were luxuries—less than 500,000 homes had electricity—radio and electric refrigeration were unknown. Today, 21 million homes are wired; 7 million families own electric refrigerators; 22 million have radio receivers.

In 1921, a MAZDA lamp cost 45 cents; it now costs 15 cents. You receive 80 per cent more light for your dollar because of greatly increased lamp efficiency and a lower average electric rate for the home. General Electric research developed these lower-cost lamps, helped devise more economical ways of generating and distributing electricity—to bring better light to more people at less cost.

Today, electricity is vital to industry, for the manufacture of most goods—from bathtubs to textiles, foods to furnaces—to meet the increasing needs and the purses of millions. In this progress, G-E research and engineering have ever been in the forefront. And still, in the Research Laboratory, in Schenectady, General Electric scientists continue the search for new knowledge—from which come savings, new industries, increased employment, more goods for more people.

G-E research has saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar it has earned for General Electric

GENERAL ELECTRIC

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THIS is vacation time. Millions of people are away. Other millions are getting ready for trips—to mountains and seashore and lakes—to the country or to foreign lands.

Distance doesn't matter any more. Your family may be scattered temporarily to the four winds—children at camp, mother visiting back home, father at the office—but all may be reunited, instantly, by the simple calling of a number.

The telephone helps in many ways to make your vacation more happy and carefree. Say the word and it will run down to the store and do your last-minute shopping. Stop at the railroad, bus or steamship office for information. Enable you to reserve satisfactory hotel accommodations. Say good-bye to friends or carry a reassuring word of your safe arrival.

Day or night you can be many places —quickly, efficiently, and at small cost—by telephone.

Rates for OVERSEAS *telephone calls to most countries now substantially reduced.*

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Literary Digest

NEW YORK AUGUST 15, 1936

Topics of the day

CAMPAIGN BLARES AT DOORS OF VOTERS

Roosevelt, Landon and Lemke Backers End August Lethargy

Whether or not science makes the next war more frightful, it has succeeded in making the present election campaign about as comfortable for the average man as woolen underwear in August.

Last week, Maine Down-Easters found that out. Hundreds of optimistic Pine-Tree Staters who had counted on being able to achieve some measure of immunity by simply disconnecting their radios until November awoke one morning to find the campaign on their doorsteps.

Through their sleepy hamlets and across their rolling farmsteads, a sleek white motor-trailer sped. On its sides were pictures of the Democratic candidates for President and Vice President. Signs on the doors carried the slogan, "For Opportunity, Security and Freedom, Reelect Roosevelt and Garner!"

In village squares the trailer pulled up to a curb. Two men climbed out, set up a portable platform on the sidewalk, then bobbed back into the car. A phonograph blared "Happy Days Are Here Again."

Rousing Words—As farmers and storekeepers sidled up to see what all the noise was about, a sprightly middle-aged woman stepped to the platform and delivered a rousing five-minute speech on why Maine citizens should vote for Franklin D. Roosevelt in November.

Maine is not the only section of the country being treated to this brand of mechanized electioneering. The Democratic National Committee has sixty such "Roosevelt Caravans" on order. From headquarters in Washington, New York, Chicago and Kansas City, they will tour communities which otherwise never would be touched by the heat of the campaign.

In addition to its crew, each trailer is equipped with an electric phonograph, a radio for transmitting important Democratic speeches from other parts of the country, a table, chairs, a couch, and a ton of pamphlets, folders and pledge cards.

As the first of this battalion of soundwagons began its assault on Republican New England, the 1936 Presidential guns boomed into battle on many another front.

On the Hudson—Chairman James A. Farley invited all State leaders to New York to study the Democratic National headquarters in the Hotel Biltmore. Those who accept the Farley invitation will see a neat pattern for political organization: the offices of the Chairman and his aids, special quarters for the Finance Committee, radio staff and Women's Division of the Party, and—most important of all—a publicity department to feed news to the press.

At Hyde Park—Candidate Roosevelt was busy with campaign plans of his own in his "summer White House" at Hyde Park. Early in the week he called on Farley; Charles Michelson, the New Deal's No. 1 publicity gunner, and five other cogs of the Democratic National Committee for a two-hour discussion of political strategy. Then he pored over latest reports on the drought and announced that he probably would make a personal tour of the sun-baked Midwest within the next ten days. On Friday, he added that he would invite Gov. Alf M. Landon to a conference of State executives on the drought situation.

Western Front — Meanwhile, Governor Landon and his aids were mapping a large-scale offensive that would carry the Republican shock-troops into every corner of the nation. In Topeka, Governor Landon scratched brief notes on his yellow desk-pad as he conferred with his advisers on speeches he will make on his first swing through the East next week. Aware of the fact that he needs the electoral votes of the big Eastern States, the Republican candidate drew up a schedule of three major speeches—at West Middlesex, Pennsylvania, where he was born; at Chautauqua and Buffalo in New York—all three within a period of five days.

Candidate Knox, having proved in a thumping acceptance speech and in twenty months of vigorous anti-New Deal orating that he is the speaking half of the Republican team, made preparations for a tour of Maine and other Northeastern States late this month.

War in the Air—Republican Chairman John D. M. Hamilton planned to take to the clouds, pursue the wily voter to the uttermost mountain retreat and cave. In Chicago, he chartered a fourteen-passenger TWA transport-plane for a 6,700-mile tour which will cover sixteen Rocky Mountain and Pacific Coast States.

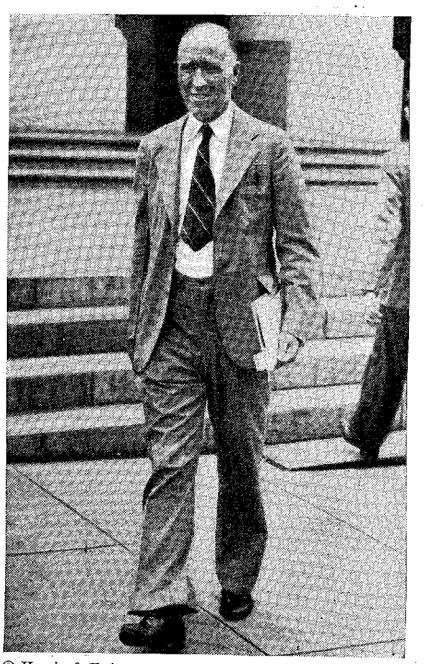
The Hamilton aerial attack was no vacation cruise. He planned to meet County Chairmen of the Republican Party in every one of the sixteen States. His schedule called for at least twenty-two speeches in as many cities.

He carried with him three secretaries, two research workers, a publicity man, a radio engineer, and three reporters, in addition to the plane's crew of three. His cargo included typewriters, loud-speaker equipment, a radio and a mimeographing machine. At 9,000 feet in the air, energetic Chairman Hamilton coolly rattled off dictation, prepared speeches, and wrote numerous letters. All day long the cabin of the plane echoed to the clatter of typewriters.

On the first leg of the flight, inspiration for the Hamilton speeches came from the parched, drought-ridden North Dakota farm-land which he saw from the window of his cabin. After flying over a 300-mile stretch of bleak, bare soil occasionally broken by seared fields, the Republican leader stopped long enough at Billings, Montana, to lash out against the Administration for "whispering" that the drought

© International

John Hamilton fights by plane . . .



© Harris & Ewing

. . . William Lemke issues a challenge

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wide World

"Sunny Jim" Farley sends out invitations

areas were "in the bag" by reason of Federal financial aid.

"Such a suggestion is an insult to every farmer in this section of the country," he snapped. "As long as the true American form of government exists, you need not barter your suffrage for what you are rightfully entitled to receive in time of distress."

At Hyde Park the next day, President Roosevelt called reporters to his dark, high-ceilinged library and permitted himself to be quoted directly in a sharp rebuke to such Republican criticism.

"It is a very great disservice," he said solemnly, "to the proper administration of any government to link up human misery with partizan politics."

New Party's Defense—While Democrats and Republicans played at political billingsgate, the leaders of the four-month-old Union Party—Doctor Townsend, Father Coughlin, Standard-Bearer Lemke and the Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith—were flailing with both arms in defense of their own cause.

In Rhode Island and Massachusetts, Father Charles E. Coughlin delighted outdoor rallies of his Social Justice followers by jabbing first at Candidate Roosevelt with:

"As I was instrumental in removing Herbert Hoover from the White House, so help me God, I will be instrumental in taking a Communist from the chair once occupied by Washington."

Then at Candidate Landon:

"This fellow from the West—what's his name? When he goes on the radio everybody shuts off. That's why I don't know his name."

Then at both major Parties with:

"The old corpses of the Democratic and Republican Parties are stinking in our nostrils."

In a concluding burst of oratory he roared that he would bet $25,000 at odds of three-to-two that William Lemke would poll more votes in Rhode Island than Landon. A Providence citizen promptly placed $16,666.66 on the line, and the bet was on.

Wrinkled Suit—At Grand Rapids, Michigan, William Lemke, clad in a wrinkled gray suit, dusty black shoes and blue shirt, looked so little like a Presidential candidate that he drove into a Union Party rally without attracting the notice of an alert Reception Committee.

Elbowing his way through the crowd, he was on the speakers' platform before State troopers who had been sent to escort him knew he was in the park. Repeating many times his favorite oratorical gesture of slapping his hands down sharply on both legs for emphasis, he denounced reciprocal trade pacts, "international bankers" and the New Deal farm program.

Then he gave Townsendites a lift with: "If a man or woman has toiled fifty years, he has created enough wealth to take care of his last days, and if he hasn't got it, somebody has taken it away from him. The least we can do is take it back and give it to those people. I don't care whether that means $50 a month, or $200 or $20,000. . . ."

Later in the week, at Greeley, Colorado, he offered to debate the monetary and banking issue with Roosevelt and Landon on a nation-wide radio hook-up at his own expense. In Ohio, on the same day, a petition bearing 345,133 signatures was filed with the Secretary of State demanding that William Lemke and his Union Party be placed on the State ballot in November.

Turkey Talk—In Topeka, Dr. Francis E. Townsend bustled about for two days, rallying his followers to the support of Townsend candidates in the Kansas primaries. He made no attempt to see Governor Landon. "If he wants to see me, I'll be glad to see him," he declared. "But if I see him I'll talk turkey to him."

Later he said petulantly to reporters: "I am mad at both of the last Administrations. We know what Roosevelt has done and we know what Landon and his crew would do. . . . I say damn them both."

At a meeting of 2,000 Townsendites the Doctor once again announced that he would support the Union Party's candidate. There was scattered applause, followed by a roar of approval when Dempster Potts, Townsend candidate for the Senatorial nomination, declared that he would vote for President Roosevelt.

The Rev. Mr. Smith, barrel-chested first mate of the Townsend organization, was quiet last week. After visiting with a friend in Chicago for a few days, he hurried off to Detroit without announcing his future plans.

At the same time, the American League Against War and Fascism served notice through its publication, *Facts and Figures*, that Smith "has exhibited the following symptoms of fascism":

1. Proposes to act through an army, by means of force, without restraint of constitutional procedure. He states that he will raise the first 100,000 through the Townsend group; a letter has already gone out to Townsend Clubs asking recommendation of youth leaders. . . .

2. Recognizes education as his enemy. Refers to his offer of free education as "superficial for quick appeal" and explains that "everybody can understand that. . . ."

3. Refers to elements that oppose him as Communistic. . . .

4. Opposes development of strength in labor-unions; opposes industrial unions as Communistic. . . .

The Birmingham *Age-Herald* (Ind.-Dem.) refuses to take the former Shreveport preacher so seriously: "The Rev. Mr. Smith is another product of wide-spread ignorance and poverty. He may or may not last long. If he blows up, others doubtless will come to take his place. . . . Smith, it seems to this paper, is a hangover from the Long régime, hardly destined to be more than a nuisance."

Editorial Views—The following excerpts from editorials give the press reaction to other phases of the 1936 campaign:

"The three-month campaign planned by the national leaders promises interest," notes the Dallas *Morning News* (Ind.-Dem.). "The welkin is due to suffer its customary indignities, as picked orators invade the 3,000 counties and parishes of these United States in an oratorical pyrotechnic display that will not be concluded until the polls open in November."

In planning a trip to the drought region, comments the New York *Times* (Ind.-Dem.), "Mr. Roosevelt is yielding to an impulse which most Presidents have felt at one time or another, and which the people believe to be fitting in the person of the Chief Executive."

The Winston-Salem *Journal* (Ind.-Dem.) adds its own rebuke to that of the President for the tenor of the Republican Chairman's speeches: "By hatred, by fear, by preying upon the prejudice and credulity of voters who believe everything they hear, Mr. Hamilton would defeat Roosevelt and elect Landon."

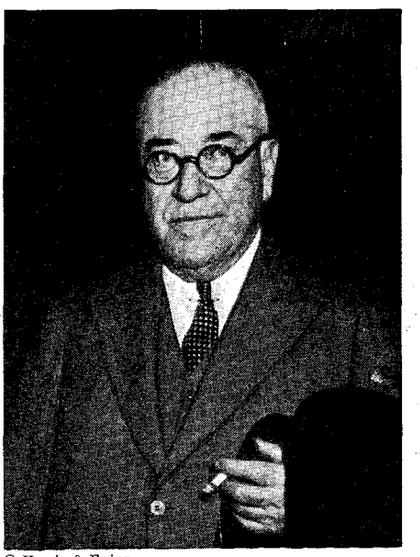
But, "the public," argues the Indianapolis *Star* (Ind.-Rep.), "can scarcely believe that Mr. Roosevelt has divorced all thoughts of politics from his mind in making this personal drought inspection."

BOSS RULES: Tom Pendergast Holds Missouri Democracy in Hollow of His Hefty Hand

"They slug hell out of me at every turn, but I go right along winning elections."

Foes of Thomas J. Pendergast recalled that statement last week and groaningly conceded its truth as the returns piled up in Missouri's Democratic primary. It was the same old story: a candidate indorsed by Pendergast, Democratic boss of Kansas City, walked all over a candidate to whom Pendergast was anathema.

The winner was Maj. Lloyd C. Stark, Louisiana, Missouri, nurseryman. The loser



© Harris & Ewing

"Boss" Pendergast laughs at Missouri foes

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WITH THE PROPHETS

Michigan

"Michigan is definitely going to vote for Landon."—*Frank G. Fitzgerald, Republican Governor of Michigan.*

"I think a Democratic Governor will be elected and that the President will win the State."—*Frank Murphy, Democratic candidate for Governor of Michigan.*

New York

"There is no doubt but that we will carry New York State."—*John D. M. Hamilton, Republican National Chairman.*

"New York . . . will give majorities to both President Roosevelt and the Democratic candidate for Governor."—*James A. Farley, Democratic National Chairman.*

Illinois

"I think it's conceded that he [Landon] will carry Illinois."—*George F. Harding, Republican National Committeeman from Illinois.*

"Illinois will be for Roosevelt in 1936 as strongly as it was in 1932."—*Harry Horner, Democratic Governor of Illinois.*

New Jersey

"New Jersey will be all right."—*Joseph W. Martin, Chairman Eastern Division, Republican National Committee.*

"[New Jersey will] go Roosevelt, but it will be a hard fight."—*A. Harry Moore, Democratic Senator from New Jersey.*

House of Representatives

"The outlook for the Republicans is very encouraging."—*Chester C. Bolton, Chairman of the Republican Congressional Committee.*

"We will have an excellent working majority."—*William B. Bankhead, Democratic Speaker of the House.*

The Nation

"I will carry Ohio, all of New England, Michigan, most of the Middle West, the extreme West, Pennsylvania and Illinois. Indiana will be nip and tuck."—*William Lemke, Union Party candidate for President.*

was William Hirth, scrappy Columbia farm leader. The issue was Pendergast's "boss rule." The outcome was inevitable.

Or so many Missourians felt. For a quarter-century they had watched Tom Pendergast hold Kansas City in the hollow of his hefty hand. Since 1930 they have watched that hand slowly close around the entire State.

If they had any hopes of besting him this year it was chiefly because, while the primary campaign sizzled, old Tom lay ill of a heart ailment in a large, airy room on the twenty-ninth floor of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York.

Hot Wires—But there were telegraph companies to transmit fast messages between New York and Kansas City, telephone companies to transmit faster ones. And there was Thomas, Jr., only son, to take a train out of New York and a headful of instructions from the boss himself on the eve of the balloting. That proved to be plenty.

Square-jawed, forthright, a politician of the oldest old school, Tom Pendergast never objects to the title "boss."

"I run the show in Kansas City," he says, "I am boss. If I was a Republican they would call me a 'leader,' but 'boss' is good enough for me."

Clipped in speech, stingy with statements, he nevertheless has made some famous remarks. Why did he enter politics? "It looked like a good business to be in."

His brother James, a saloon-keeper, started him up the political ladder after he was graduated from St. Mary's College, in Kansas. James A. Reed, then Mayor, later United States Senator, gave him his first good job, Commissioner of Streets.

Soon this son of humble Irish parents sat on top of the heap. He has said—and many believe him—that he has no desire to extend his rule outside Kansas City and Jackson County. Nevertheless, he has been picking State-wide candidates for six years.

His Credo—Some one asked him how he held his huge and loyal following. "I feed 'em," he said, crisply.

Expanding: "I am honest with the people. I give them a good government. I take care of the poor. I give out all the jobs I can find. . . . I am the home relief of Kansas City. . . . A political boss does not have to be a grafter, or a robber, or any of those things the papers call me in Missouri. All he has to do is to serve the public, make friends and do the right thing."

When he is in good health and spirits, Tom devotes his mornings to politics. Up at five o'clock sharp, he will reach his office at the Jackson Democratic Club at six. Bulky—he weighs well over 200—with a florid face and a massive gray head set on a thick, muscular neck, he will sit at an old, roll-top desk and see long lines of favor-seekers—200 or 300 in a morning.

The afternoon he will reserve for business interests, among them a wholesale liquor house and a ready-mixed concrete concern. Enemies say his multifarious political and business activities tie into neat and profitable knots. He himself says he has made a lot of money, but not out of politics.

Family Man—In the evening, the boss will stay home with his family, to which he is wholly devoted. He has no use for social functions, likes to be in bed by nine o'clock. It takes something special to get him away from his brick Georgian house on Ward Parkway, say a trip abroad with a member of his family, a motor-tour in one of his three Packards or—and especially—a horse-race.

In youth he turned down a chance to play professional baseball, but he still loves sports. He has a stable of blooded horses and rarely misses a first-rate racing-meet.

With the greatest political race in the country, the Presidential, fairly under way, Tom remains calm, stays in bed twenty-three and one-half hours a day and obeys his doctor's orders. "Roosevelt," he is convinced, "will carry Missouri in 1936 and by a bigger majority than in 1932."

To which John D. M. Hamilton, Republican National Chairman, who usually yields to no man at making standing broad claims, replies with extraordinary moderation: "We will carry Missouri if we are not snowed under by the tactics of the Pendergast machine in Jackson County."

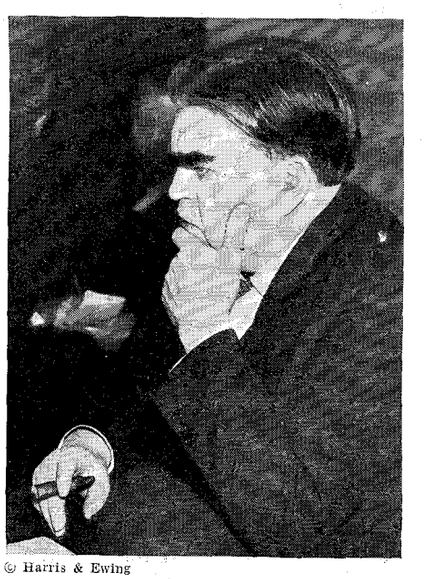
A. F. OF L. VS. CIO: Battle Between Industrial and Craft Unions Reaches Open Break

John L. Lewis, bulky, belligerent leader of the industrial labor-union movement in the United States, sat in the oak-paneled Washington office of his Committee for Industrial Organization one day last week, snapping out dictation to his ample young daughter, Katherine.

From his office window, Mr. Lewis could look down on the mezzanine floor of the Hotel Hamilton across the street. There, behind discreet lace curtains, sat William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, and No. 1 defender of craft unionism. Settled uncomfortably on a tiny gilt chair with a worn plush seat, Mr. Green, with thirteen other members of the A. F. of L. Executive Council, was holding court in the shabby Victorian splendor of the Hotel Hamilton's Gold Room.

Dozen Tried—On trial in the Gold Room were twelve A. F. of L. unions which had joined the Lewis Committee for Industrial Organization. Tho the defendants had refused to appear at the trial, they were

© International



© Harris & Ewing

William Green, craft union leader, performs a vertical gesture, but it's his opponent, John L. Lewis, who insists on vertical unions, come what may

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

charged with setting up a rival organization of the A. F. of L., of fomenting insurrection and rebellion. Verdict: guilty. Ten unions were suspended, given an opportunity to withdraw from the CIO before September 5, or be expelled from the A. F. of L. Convention at Tampa in November.

CIO went ahead with its plans for industrial organizations of the steel industry. A. F. of L. began to discuss the possibility of organizing a miners' union to oppose John Lewis and his United Mine Workers of America, using as a nucleus the Progressive Miners' organization in Illinois.

This battle between industrial and craft unions reached an open break, after skirmishes of one form or another for more than thirty years.

History of the war by dates:

1913-1925—William Green serves as Secretary-Treasurer of United Mine Workers of America.

1917-1918—John Lewis is Vice-President of UMW.

1920—Lewis elected President of UMW.

1924—Green elected President of A. F. of L.

1934—San Francisco A. F. of L. Convention adopts report favoring a change of policy to organize the mass-production industries along industrial rather than craft lines.

October, 1935—Atlantic City A. F. of L. Convention reaffirms resolution made at San Francisco. Lewis, dissatisfied, claims Executive Council took no action on original resolution.

November, 1935—Lewis resigns from Executive Council of A. F. of L. Starts formation of Committee for Industrial Organization to sponsor actual organization of industrial unions.

January, 1936—Executive Council requests that CIO dissolve.

May, 1936—Executive Council issues ultimatum to CIO to disband. Lewis ignores it.

July, 1936—Trial action begins.

Million Out—The ten unions suspended by the trial action last week make up about 40 per cent. of the A. F. of L. membership, number more than 1,000,000, hold more than 10,000 of the 30,000 convention votes, contribute more than $10,000 monthly dues.

"Because there seems to be a public misunderstanding of the real issue which arose out of the formation of the CIO, the Executive Council declares in most positive terms that the industrial *vs.* the craft union dispute is in no way involved in its official decision," Mr. Green explained.

"The Committee has made its position clear," was Mr. Lewis's reply to the decision of the Council. "Its plans to aid the workers in steel and other industries will lie on the heads of the Council, and they can answer to their own membership."

Labor Views—"It is difficult to understand why such action was taken by the Executive Council," said the Tacoma *Labor Advocate,* "instead of awaiting action by the convention, about whose authority there could be no doubt, however."

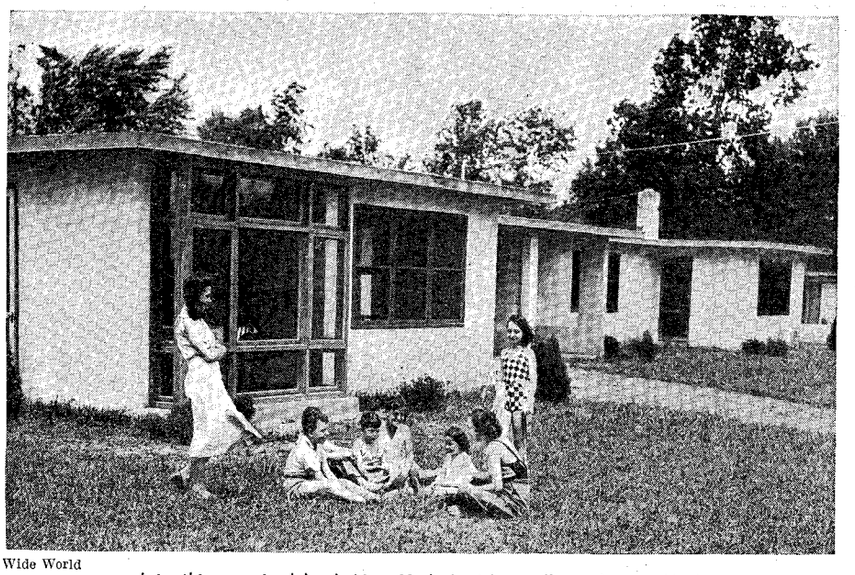
"If a referendum vote of the entire membership of the Federation were taken, industrial unionism would be approved by an overwhelming majority," added *The United Mine Workers Journal.*

Political Analysis—Political implications of the split did not escape many editors.

"Politics is notoriously sensitive to appearances," said the New York *Herald Tribune* (Ind.-Rep.), "and the New Deal was rather depending on the appearance of a united labor front until after the election. Our condolences are due the gentlemen of the Administration whose support encouraged Mr. Lewis to revolt."

"Mr. Lewis . . . will probably withhold action which would certainly react against President Roosevelt, in whose support he has enlisted," decided the St. Paul (Minn.) *Pioneer Press* (Ind.). "Organized labor will thus have several months to contemplate further the consequences of their threatened war and to make peace if peace is possible."

It is the Boston *Herald* (Rep.) which looks farthest out on the political horizon. "Will American labor, following the example of the English, assert itself directly as a political force?" *The Herald* demands, "draw up a platform and nominate candidates in 1940? Many . . . see in John L. Lewis . . . the first candidate of an American labor party. . . . Mr. Lewis may try to do in this country what Ramsay Macdonald did in England."



Wide World

Into this promised land, New York Jewish needle-workers trekked

MILK TOAST: With Pint Bottles, Resettled Needle-Workers Drink Health of Homesteads

A lone workman, awed because he had been plumped into the rôle of opening a $2,000,000 government project, picked up his electric cutting-machine, drove it carefully along a chalk-line through twenty-two thicknesses of cloth, and switched off the current.

The group around him murmured. Somebody opened a jug of red wine. Somebody else passed around pint milk-bottles. Solemnly, they all drank, to the success of Jersey Homesteads, near Hightstown, New Jersey, the Resettlement Administration's first industrial-agricultural cooperative.

With that first thrust of the cutting-machine biting through cloth, they saw a dream come true, these Jewish needle-trade workers who had been transplanted from the sweatshops of New York. Louis Gushen was the only man to go to work that first day, but there would be more in a few days, hundreds in a few weeks.

By fall it is expected that Jersey Homesteads, still uncompleted, will have 200 families. Working under union-labor conditions, they will sell their product wholesale at prices ranging from $10.75 to $59.75. The profits will be divided.

Part of the factory income will be used to write off the debt to the Government over a forty-year period. Each family pays $500 cash toward operation of the plant and monthly amortization payments on its $5,000 home. Originally, in 1933, it was planned to build $1,800 or $3,500 houses, but a change in plans and rising building costs sent the figure up. The village is on a 1,200-acre tract; it includes 200 five- and six-room cinder-concrete blockhouses, stores, schools, hospital, library, synagog and community center.

Farms Pay—As the factory started working on a huge stack of orders from Jewish department-store owners in New York who are interested in the experiment, the agricultural division of Jersey Homesteads brought in a proud report.

The profit from this year's farming operations would be $15,000. One hundred acres of potatoes are being dug; the fifty acres of wheat had yielded 1,180 bushels, seventy tons of hay had been cut and fifty acres of tomatoes were ready to be sold.

On the same day that Jersey Homesteads was opened, William Hard, radio commentator for the Republican National Committee, attacked the entire homestead program. He said that "Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt's widely publicized subsistence-homestead project at Reedsville, West Virginia, had been declared 'financially unsuccessful' by Prof. Rexford Guy Tugwell, head of the New Deal's Resettlement Administration."

He charged that: "Financial failure threatens the whole government subsistence-homestead program. Thirty-four subsistence projects already have been abandoned."

"Trial and Error"—To that, the youthful-looking Doctor Tugwell, head of an immense program affecting millions of people and involving hundreds of millions of dollars, made no official reply. His department pointed out, however, that Reedsville had been a "trial-and-error" experiment.

But the RRA spokesman made it clear that his department is not a bit worried about keeping house-construction figures under $3,000. It is proud of the fact that its rental delinquency for twenty-six projects is 6 per cent. under general real-estate figures.

In all, there are 331 "active" Resettlement projects of various types. Twenty-two have been completed. The land

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

projects, covering soil-erosion, flood-construction, reforestation and game-refuges, number 190. California leads the list of Resettlement projects, with fifteen; Texas and Alabama each have eleven; Arkansas and Mississippi, nine each; Nebraska, eight; Georgia and North Carolina, six each.

Doctor Tugwell's vast program, covering resettlement, rehabilitation and loans to farmers, affects 3,500,000 people. Of the $276,191,000 turned over to him he had spent or committed by July 1 $223,000,000.

"TIN CANNERS": Nomads of the Road Cover Nation, Living in Homes on Wheels

The *Rent Dodger's Special* officially came of age last week.

Confident of the automobile traveler's increasing popularity, the Pierce-Arrow Motor Corporation announced plans for building them on a mass-production basis. Simultaneously with this recognition of their efforts to put the American home on wheels, 5,726 persons attended the third annual convention of the Automobile Tourists' Association and the National Coach Trailer and Equipment Manufacturer's Association at Manistee, Michigan.

There, more than 300 growing concerns showed their wares.

Meanwhile, at Sandusky, Ohio, the "Tin Can Tourists of the World" were holding their summer reunion. To this organization, claiming an international membership of 97,000, must go chief credit for the popularization of the trailer.

Then, honors for sponsoring these nomads of the road are divided between three groups: "gold coasters"—those millionaires who travel to Newport, Florida, California or Canada in their "yacht" cars; thousands of retired middle-aged couples traveling in trailers costing from $300 to $1,600; and the "sage-brushers"—the adventurers of the road who gad about the land in rattle-traps costing as little as $30.

Rented Trailers—Licenses for trailers vary from $2 to $12 in the different States. Parking-lot rent, however, is generally uniform; $1 a week for parking, thirty-five cents extra for electricity and an additional half-dollar for heat and cooking facilities. In many States, trailers may be rented for $15 a week.

Organized during 1919 in Tampa, Florida, by those who camped in tents or auto-parks, the "Tin Canners" received their name because they lived economically on canned foodstuffs brought from home. Their mascot was a tin can tied to the radiator-caps of their cars. In the ensuing years, with the development of trailers, the organization expanded to its present size.

There are no dues, fees or assessments. The sale of emblems and membership badges provides a fund for entertainment and operating expenses. Three times annually the members foregather in one of the 15,000 camps designated for their use. Many of these are city-lighted and provided with sanitary facilities; others provide swimming-pools and tennis-courts.

The principal tenets of the Tin Can Tourists are: "Do Unto Others as You Would That They Do Unto You"; "Provide Wholesome and Clean Living and Entertainment"; "Spread the Gospel of Cleanliness"; "Enforce All Rules Governing Camp Life for the Safety of the Individual as Well as of Society."

Games and Music—The principal recreations are horseshoe-pitching, cards and yarn-swapping for the elders; swimming, tennis and the more active sports for the younger members, many of whom are in their early twenties. At the annual meetings round and square dances are held nightly for the elders; the young people have a "swing-music" band of their own.

On Sunday, quiet and peace is the rule. Religion is observed according to individual beliefs. Monday is wash-day and provides the busiest hours for the women.

Camping beside trailer in day-time (bottom), inside it, at night, is fun for the whole family. Houses-on-wheels can be as luxurious as private railroad-cars

A confirmed itinerant traveler, Mrs. Guy Russell of Ripley, New York, told of her gipsy life at Sandusky.

"As for the difference in the mode of living, I can't see so much except we have less worries and after a while one takes on a more cheerful outlook on life.

"My children get every advantage of education. When we stay in a place for several months, they are sent to the public schools. In some subjects—geography and history—they excel. You see, they have traveled throughout most of the forty-eight States and learn much more by seeing than they could from books. While traveling, the older girls teach the younger boys, and I help out.

"The time required for cleaning our home daily is negligible. And in the food problem we have the advantage of picking up fresh vegetables and fruits from roadside stands. Hucksters also make daily rounds. We don't eat any more canned food than city folk—altho we're called 'Tin Canners.' Meats, ice and other necessities are bought from near-by stores, and delivery service is given if we are staying awhile. Prices are less than average. We nearly always buy in quantities, and farmers and truck-gardeners give us a rate. We live far cheaper than we could in most any city."

Low Upkeep—Her husband assented. "The upkeep cost of my trailer throughout the year, barring unusual occurrences, amounts to the price of a half-gallon of paint and possibly one or two tires. Even that would be far less than my taxes on one year in a home."

Another family of five traveled 15,000 miles, traversing six mountain ranges and a National Park at which a $3 admission fee had to be paid.

"We left with just $35 in cash and we got back with seventy-five cents," reported the father. "We'll never travel restaurant-and-camp way again."

Still another family from Chicago travel 50,000 miles annually. "It has improved the family health," the mother stated. "And it has given the children a liberal education. The trailer provided untold benefit in solitary and congested areas alike. We have an electric stove, ice-box, beds, and all the comforts of home. Our trailer only reduced the gasoline consumption of the car about four miles a gallon."

Business men, economists and sociologists believe the entrance of the automobile industry into trailer manufacture will lead, by natural transition, into the manufacture of prefabricated shelter. William Bushnell Stout, automotive and aviation engineer, envisions "the long-sought and much-needed revolution in shelter provision" as being pioneered by the trailer.

After months of study, Stout designed and built a supertrailer, a four-room house when not in transit. At Purdue University he recently demonstrated it during a lecture on "to-morrow's shelter" and the way millions of Americans may live in the future.

No Hotel Slump—Reports from hotel men throughout the country show no slump in their business caused by expanded "tin-can tourist" travel.

"On the whole, they bring a very desirable class of visitor and help business in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

general," declared W. T. Simpson, Secretary of the Sarasota, Florida, Chamber of Commerce.

In the West, however, at Yellowstone National Park, the presence of thousands of "tin-can tourists" has caused a peculiar situation. Restaurants and cabin-camps resent the invasion; it is hurting their business. Food stores and filling stations welcome it; their receipts have boomed.

PHILCO VS. R.C.A.: Radio Film's Suit Charges Competitor With Unfair Practises

Seated behind a desk in the National Broadcasting Company's studio in the Empire State Building last month, David Sarnoff, President of the Radio Corporation of America, squinted into an eight-by-eighteen-inch glass bulb, affixed within a black, camera-like box mounted on a tripod. It was the *ionoscope*, R.C.A.'s patented mechanical eye.

On the sixty-fourth floor of the R.C.A. Building 150 corporation licensees frantically applauded Sarnoff's five-minute speech, accompanied by his image, projected onto a small glass plate.

They went into a frenzy when they saw twelve pretty tap-dancers skip over the screen, followed by a colorful program of comedians and crooners. America's first television field-test had successfully stood the trial of a semipublic demonstration.

Then, three days later, the Empire State Building's television station was quietly dismantled. Mistrustful minds were prone to suspect that all-powerful R.C.A. was purposely withholding television from the public until the question of market control had been settled.

Suit Filed—Last week, executives of the Philco Radio and Television Corporation angrily filed a suit in the New York Supreme Court, charging their powerful competitor, R.C.A., with unfair practises.

R.C.A., it was asserted, obtained valuable "confidential information" on Philco's latest patents by having agents bribe girl employees. Philco girls, it was alleged, were provided with "expensive entertainment and intoxicating liquor at hotels, restaurants and night-clubs." R.C.A. spies sought to "involve them in compromising situations and did induce, incite and bribe said employees," read the charge.

The Philco suit suddenly has thrown light on the fierce battle which has been waged silently behind the scenes for months between America's dominating televisions corporations. To-day on the tenth birthday of the sound-film, a new, wild scramble has begun for what is this time probably the biggest stake that ever has been offered in the field of entertainment.

Greater Field—For monopoly of television might mean monopoly of the radio and films as well. A television-receiving set in every home might reduce interest in the motion-picture theater. Without the eye-stimulus, the radio might become as obsolete as the silent film. Moreover, television even can exercise practical control of newspapers through facsimile broadcasting.

Therefore, at the moment, the eight corporations involved may well watch each other with growing mistrust and suspicion.

Acme

David Sarnoff, R.C.A. President, spoke before dancers, comedians and crooners

Pressure to begin with television immediately is steadily increasing. The smaller corporations are becoming impatient. But the R.C.A., "biggest power" according to Philco, in American radio manufacturing, possessing assets "estimated at $100,000,000," prefers to wait.

America Waits—"Our patents, which include the *ionoscope* and the *kinescope*, have secured for the United States world supremacy in television," said Ernest S. Colling, R.C.A.'s publicity chief. But altho "practical perfection" has been achieved in the laboratory, America will have to wait "at least another eighteen months" before television makes its first appearance, says R.C.A.

Why? Ask the smaller corporations. Because "television is not yet ready commercially," says austere David Sarnoff. "When it is," he adds, "it will be made available to the America public."

But "we are opposed to introducing television full-blown," pleaded Ralph A. Clark of the Television Corporation of America in his testimony before the Federal Communications Commission.

"The leading American corporations are withholding television probably because they want to assure themselves of market control in advance," surmised Laurence Cockaday of *Radio News*. Said David Sarnoff to the F.C.C. last June: "In determining precedence in the allocation of frequencies, consideration should be given to services on the basis of their comparative importance to the public."

"Vast sums," say the big corporations, are necessary to put television into operation. R.C.A.'s short field-test on July 7, 1936, it says, necessitated "an appropriation of $1,000,000." It would require an initial investment "estimated at $50,000,000 to $200,000,000 or more" to provide television programs, echoed O. H. Caldwell, former F.C.C. member.

Race to Lead—But Clark thinks differently. He tried to convince the F.C.C. that "it should not cost $500,000 or one-tenth of that sum to start television." Nevertheless, the F.C.C. has not yet granted a television broadcasting license.

ROUND AND ROUND: Boondoggling Drama of Two Mules That Grew Into Merry-Go-Round

While pretty nearly everybody in the United States was following the Olympic Games last week, George Elmer Marin, of Maxville, Arkansas, walked off with the American Open Boondoggling Championship. Or rather *rode* off with it—on a merry-go-round.

The story, a sort of variant of the "Brewster's Millions" formula that might be called "Tugwell's Millions," involves two mules, the Resettlement Administration, the Townsend Plan and a providential barbecue and fried chicken picnic.

Mr. Marin, a farmer, drove over to Evening Shade last spring to apply for the benefits of Doctor Tugwell's RA. The RA sold Elmer a brace of mules, stipulating that they be female. The sex distinction puzzled Elmer a little, but when the RA sent *him* the check for $200 that should have gone to the owner of the mules, he didn't even bat an eyelash.

First Check—He figured it was a check from the Townsend Old-Age Revolving Pension, for which he was eligible. Then he got to thinking, and he remembered that under the terms of the OARP he had to spend the money the same month he got it. So he hitched up and drove over to Batesville, a city of 4,484 inhabitants where a man can get rid of $200 any day.

At Batesville he bought the second-hand merry-go-round for $85, figuring that would go a long way toward satisfying Doctor Townsend. But, then, he was a rank novice at boondoggling. What he couldn't foresee was that some of the Democratic statesmen in those parts would pick that day to have a big soda-water and oratory turnout. In spite of anything he could do about it, the merry-go-round made money.

Worse, the prosperity was going to his head, and neighbors complained that he had started wearing socks. And then the Resettlement man showed up, and they talked the whole thing over, and the RA decided to let Elmer keep the carousel, and resettle himself on sawdust instead of soil, providing he paid back the $200.

Now Mr. Marin, merry-go-round man, figures he understands boondoggling.

Hard to Define—The word is a little hard to define, but Republicans say it covers such matters as the expenditure of $5,176 for the building of a greenhouse at the Secaucus, New Jersey, almshouse; $7,750 for the removal of grass in dedicated street areas at Oakland, California; $14,962 for the paving of the Wigwam Brook bed at West Orange, New Jersey; $423,126 to measure and compute the areas and cubic contents of buildings in Allegheny County, Pennsylvania; $2,061 to relocate the Town Hall at Vienna, South Dakota; $1,190 to repair park-benches at Chelsea, Massachusetts; $21,093 to erect name-signs on 2,000 street intersections in Montgomery, Alabama; $78,570 for the rehabilitation of a ditch in Denver, Colorado; the construction of a swimming-pool, 500 feet deep, at Bowie, Arizona; $66,483 to sew garments, mattresses and bedding at Englewood, Colorado; $15,515 for the construction of two school-houses at Newton, Colfax County, New Mexico, population 155.

Harry Halper, twenty-three-year-old insurance salesman of Los Angeles, lately won

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a prize for composing the music to Berton Braley's "A Boondoggle Ballad." The verse runs:

New Dealers, be sprightly
And join in our song
And dance as we lightly
Boondoggle along!

So join our endeavor
And share in our fun.
(Who cares if we never
Get anything done?)

Chorus
Tho debts keep ballooning
We're still going strong,
Light-heartedly booning
And doggling along!

The schemes that we spin you
Go fearfully wrong,
But—whoops!—we continue
Boondoggling along.

Our plans mostly boggle
Down deep in a rut,
But still we boondoggle
While billions go *phut!*

Chorus
Tho debts keep ballooning
We're still going strong,
Light-heartedly booning
And doggling along!

Red Tape gets all snarly,
Red ink flows in gobs,
What of it? Jim Farley
Needs boondoggling jobs!

Let spending be speeded,
And loans set afloat,
For ballots are needed,
And boondogglers, vote!

Chorus
Tho debts keep ballooning
We're still going strong,
Light-heartedly booning
And doggling along!

Written in march tempo, the composition brought Halper $200, enough to buy three merry-go-rounds.

© 1936, by *The Inquirer*

"ONE MOMENT, PROFESSOR!"
—Hutton in the Philadelphia Inquirer

CAMPAIGN ORATORY: FIVE ANALYSES

Hugh S. Johnson, United Feature Syndicate, Inc., in thirty newspapers: "Even when the Democrats do turn loose their oratorical wolves the array is not imposing. They have lost in Al Smith their most effective speaker except the President. The rapier of Carter Glass is sheathed in his precampaign asides. Claude Bowers is still in Spain and very much occupied. Except for these gentlemen, as the Philadelphia Convention proved, the oratorical material is very thin. Some of it, like Hopkins, Ickes, Tugwell and Miss Perkins, would better not be used at all. Too many people do not admire them. They stand as symbols of unacceptable things. They couldn't garner any votes, but they could lose votes in sheaves."

Heywood Broun, United Feature Syndicate, Inc., in thirty-six newspapers: "My pet Wall Street broker tells me that if there were an open ring and free wagering the President would be established as a five-to-nine favorite. My friend further says that he doubts that anything as short as six-to-five ever was acceptable to decidedly emotional Republicans. Shortly after the Cleveland convention there was some seven-to-five betting, with Roosevelt as the choice. Since Landon's acceptance speech, the price against the Kansas Governor has lengthened. I am acquainted with one large operator who has in mind a very tricky wager. He professes to be willing to bet $75,000 on Roosevelt at odds of three to one, but he stipulates that the wager is off unless Landon makes six more broadcasts over a national hook-up. He seriously considered the offer of four by John D. M. Hamilton as a substitute, but finally declined. Altho there was nothing in the scant substance of Governor Landon's [acceptance] speech which appealed to me, I thought that his delivery was much better than might have been expected. I hated it, but I thought it was politically effective. To this extent I had to agree with the loud chortles of glee which came from John D. M., but, after all, what can Mr. Hamilton and I do against so many? Seemingly we were both wrong. Governor Landon has talked himself from seven-to-five to nine-to-five."

David Lawrence, New York *Sun* and 160 newspapers: "Colonel Knox has a good radio voice and seems to understand how to deliver a radio speech. He does not speak rapidly or slide over his words, but gives the audience a chance to digest his ideas. He talks, indeed, with almost the same slow and deliberate pace so successfully used by President Roosevelt. Radio technique is commented on because it is important nowadays. In Colonel Knox the Republicans have a campaigner who will no doubt have to bear the brunt of the speechmaking on the air. . . . The political committees, however, who are now spending hundreds of thousands of dollars for radio time seem not to have learned much from their commercial brethren on the subject of the use of the radio. Their party rallies show about as much sense of dramatic knowledge or showmanship value as might be furnished by the average amateur producer. But, judging by the old standards, the Knox [acceptance] speech was perhaps the best that has been done thus far, tho the opportunity for dramatic effects was overlooked. As for Colonel Knox's argument, there is no doubt that Republicans of all factions will indorse it and like it."

Jay Franklin, Des Moines Register and Tribune Syndicate, in twenty-six newspapers: "By another of those frightful miscalculations which make one doubt the sanity of those hard-headed business men who have parted with their dollars for the dear old Republican Party, the Landon campaign is geared to come to a climax about Labor Day, just when Roosevelt plans to get started. Election won't come until two months later. All through the 'silly season,' when otherwise respectable mariners report seeing sea-serpents and when a civil war in Spain is far less important than the fact that the ice-man's late again, the country is doomed to have leather-lunged Landonites go roaring about the Constitution and the political crisis. Governor Landon himself plans to 'invade the East' by a trip to New York State in August. In August! . . . And all the time, all that people can be bothered to think about is: the heat, the drought . . . whether a guy can get a job, whether the children are playing safely on the sidewalk or have run out on the street . . . what's a good thing for sunburn, whether she expects to marry me just because we kissed each other at the picnic, whether the off-shore breeze will bring more mosquitoes and why you can't get good beer at five cents a glass."

Frank R. Kent, Baltimore *Sun* and McNaught Syndicate, Inc.: "Intimations come from those of the inner Roosevelt circle of a far-sighted and shrewd political strategy which, when fully developed, is expected to demoralize the whole Republican campaign. Assurances that the strategy is far-sighted and shrewd come from those who have helped to evolve it. . . . The idea is that in the early part of the campaign Mr. Roosevelt shall remain relatively quiet. While Governor Landon swings East in August on a speaking tour, the President will stay calm, make no answer. . . . And then, suddenly, in September, presto, comes the change. Having given his opponents then 'plenty of rope' the President will plunge into the fight. He will swing from one end of the country to the other. It will be a dramatic and flaming contrast. The calm Roosevelt will be turned into the fighting Roosevelt. The full power of his personal charm will be turned upon the people while he hammers his opponents with everything he has. The idea, his friends say, is to wait until he 'sees the whites of their eyes,' and then shoot. The contention is that this will be tremendously effective. By that time, the Landon campaign will have been made clear, the full case of the opposition revealed. Mr. Roosevelt will be in position to make complete reply—to answer everything in one speech, and then, taking the offensive, carry the fight to Mr. Landon, assail him, his Party and his program. The show, it is believed, will be a great one. It is held that with his voice and his charm, his gaiety and gallantry, he can rekindle the imagination of the country and nullify the whole 'plain talk of a plain man' stuff believed by the Landon forces to be what the country now wants."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Topics in Brief

WHAT Gerald L. K. Smith really stands for is a shear-the-sheep program.—*Birmingham News.*

BOTH political parties were smart enough to get their tickets after the railroads reduced fares.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

DORA thinks the new best-seller, "Gone With the Wind," is about one of those disappearing Dakota farms.—*Detroit News.*

IF nature knows best, why do we have seventeen-year locusts in the same summer as campaign orators?—*Ashland (Ky.) Independent.*

EVERY cloud has a silver lining, and while the Spaniards are killing one another in riots, the bulls get a rest.—*Clyde Moore in Ohio State Journal.*

THE diploma you will receive from the school of experience will be inscribed on marble, but you won't be able to read it.—*Providence News-Tribune.*

WHEN money tries to talk these days, those who have it say, "Sh-h-h-h-h! Don't you know the tax-collector might hear you?"—*St. Louis Star-Times.*

A SHANGHAI barrister finds our court procedure practically identical with China's. It makes China an even older country than we dreamed.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

THE Democrats are much more disgusted with Landon because he has Hearst's support than they were in 1932 when Roosevelt had it.—*Albany Knickerbocker Press.*

SOME of these good old Spanish customs are very revolting.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

RAINS are breaking the drought in the West. Is nature conspiring to cheat the Westerners out of relief money?—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

RUSSIA has renewed that American trade agreement, but nothing added to nothing doesn't make much, even under the New Deal.—*Indianapolis Star.*

IT may be true that worry kills more people than work, but that is probably due to the fact that more people worry than work.—*Los Angeles Times.*

A SCHOOLBOY has been awarded a prize as the champion smiler of his school. He isn't old enough to pay taxes yet.—*Grand Island (Neb.) Independent.*

WE see an auto advertised that can be made into a bed, and we hope the electric ice box industry will not let that go unchallenged.—*Omaha World-Herald.*

A GLACIER in the Rockies has been named for Landon. But isn't there such a thing as carrying the resemblance to Coolidge too far?—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

KING EDWARD is planning a visit to America after his coronation next May and "would stop with friends on Long Island," says our usually reliable contemporary, the Chi. *Trib.*, "and might call on President Roosevelt in Washington." But will he be there?—*Chicago Tribune.*

MR. ROOSEVELT has seen the wisdom of waiting until the postmasters are inside before locking the stable door.—*Pittsburgh Post-Gazette.*

THUS far Landon's sole activity in his race for President seems to have been applying a Republican cure-all salve to the Democratic soreheads that have come to him for treatment.—*Birmingham News.*

IT is hard for Americans to understand the French custom of having riots between the rightists and the leftists. Our contests are between the in-rightists and the left-outists.—*Howard Brubaker in The New Yorker.*

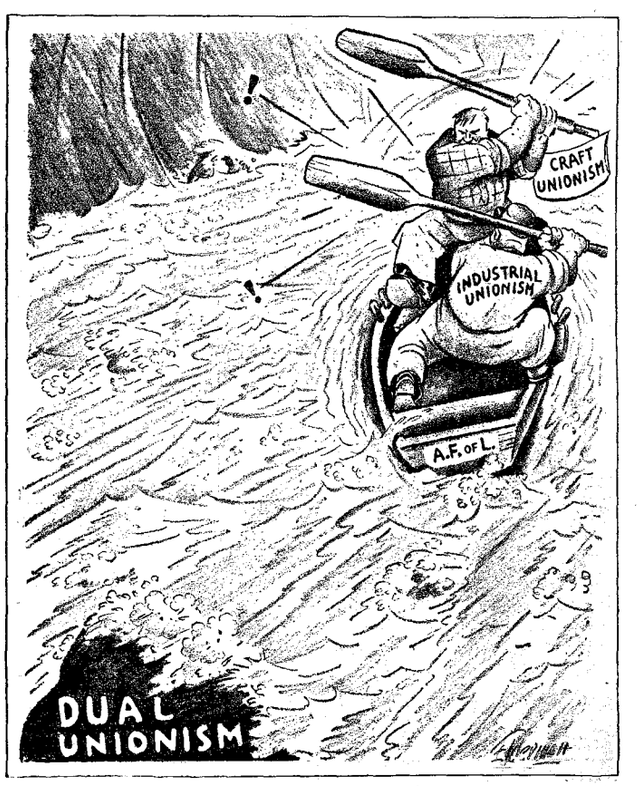
DEXTER FELLOWS tells of an old circus agent who could locate himself anywhere in this country by sniffing the air. There are dust-storm veterans in the West who can tell which Dakota is passing.—*Senator Soaper in Kansas City Star.*

WE are somewhat in doubt of this discussion about the advisability of having parents "finger-print children." In older days there was often such practise but we were under impression it was being abandoned.—*Rochester Democrat & Chronicle.*

A GREAT artistic responsibility rests on General Jim Farley. The smile which photographers prize is easily managed by the Administration, but it remains for the General to provide a logical and enduring reason for it.—*Washington Evening Star.*

THE Treasury Department is spending $1,200,000 to put a thousand white-collar employees to work studying income taxes. The longer they study the more they will learn, and the more they learn, the bigger the taxes will be to pay for their education.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

BUTTERFLY TIME IN ALBERTA



IN THE RAPIDS

—Elderman in the Washington Post

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Foreign Comment

SPAIN'S WAR A THREAT TO ALL EUROPE

Diplomats Busy on Civil Clash Expected to Be Protracted

Across the narrow harbor of rebel-held Ceuta, Spanish Morocco, the German battle-ship *Deutschland* steamed back and forth last week, with her eleven-inch guns stripped for action. Farther out in the Straits of Gibraltar Loyalist sailors on the *Jaime Primero* stood by the shells destined for the enemy stronghold, awaiting orders that never came. For fear of striking the Nazi ship, officers refused to fire. After several hours' maneuvering, the *Jaime* turned toward Malaga.

All Europe recalled Agadir. July 1, 1911, the Kaiser sent the cruiser *Panther* to the Moroccan port, which was torn by civil war. France, near-by, saw the move as a threat to her security. But England, in secret agreement with France, held off the World War for three more years.

Contagion of the seemingly interminable civil war which wracked Spain with fire, destruction and death seemed more imminent throughout Europe last week. Workers in democratic States lined up behind the Left-wing Government; Fascists backed the rebels.

Strident Germans—Germany's grievances bulked largest, according to the German press. Fleeing Red-conquered Barcelona, four German Nazis were dashing toward the French frontier when loyalists stopped their automobile. After a quick revolutionary trial, they fell before the spatter of a court martial's guns. This is the German story. Disputing it, *L'Humanite,* Paris Communist daily, insisted the dead men were *emigres* killed fighting for the Left.

But the Reich cried "Murder!" It also charged that a government-manned destroyer had fired on the freighter *Sevilla* in the Moroccan port of Larache, landing shells within forty yards of the German steamer.

Chancellor Adolf Hitler summoned Admiral General Erich Raeder, head of the Admiralty, and four other grim-mouthed navy men. The world uneasily awaited an ultimatum, but for the moment Der Fuehrer contented himself with violent protests to the Spanish authorities. Meanwhile he described as a "courtesy visit" the unprecedented call which the *Deutschland's* officers made on rebel headquarters in Morocco.

Altho the German Government replied sympathetically to France's appeal that all Powers remain neutral, the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* published a biting warning. "Neutrality," it said, "must not be permitted to degenerate into the promotion of unfettered Bolshevism."

Italy Aroused—Italy protested that two of her citizens had been killed at Barcelona, one "barbarously in his own home." Yet she also accepted the French proposal—in principle. *Il Duce* monkey-wrenched the immediate operation of diplomatic machinery by a series of pertinent—yet undesired and almost unanswerable—questions. He wanted to know whether the agreement covered public subscriptions and foreign volunteers; whether it applied to private citizens, and how France proposed to enforce it.

The query on public subscriptions applied particularly to the U.S.S.R., where, without the nominal support of the Government, workers donated one half of 1 per cent. of their monthly pay to the Spanish Left. The campaign, intended to raise $2,400,000 for Spanish comrades, died out in the press after the Soviet lined up behind the neutrality plea.

Britain Active—Britain acceded too, and wangled the adherence of Fascist Portugal. As if to prove its good intentions, London asked all Britishers to come home.

Watchful France—By Sunday France had also won the support of Belgium, Czechoslovakia and the Netherlands, and Premier Leon Blum banned arms shipments across the Pyrenees. Yet he placed no ban to prevent Red workers streaming across the border to take up arms for the Spanish Left.

American Rescues—Meanwhile America's overworked embassy and consular staffs continued to evacuate their countrymen, reducing the number of Americans left in Spain to 452. The Ford and General Motors plants at Barcelona, seized by loyalists last month, remained in government hands. The United States, however, will insist on compensation. Secretary of State Cordell Hull dispatched a note to Madrid, warning that Spain must make good any loss of the $70,000,000 property Americans own in the peninsula.

Call for Red—Settling down to a long-drawn-out struggle, Madrid's housewives stocked up on canned foodstuffs and ripped up discarded red petticoats to beflag their homes, while red-sashed *caballeros* flaunted red ties and went unshaven and sockless to discuss war news in the cafés.

Both on the field of battle and in the towns *Juan Español* preferred to do his fighting in the cool hours between 6 A.M. and 2 P.M. in order to continue indulging his age-old siestas in the warmth of the afternoon.

While the curfew law banned lights after ten o'clock at night and emptied the Capital's streets, the squads of Communist and Anarchist militiamen dashed about the thoroughfares in luxurious cars commandeered from wealthy citizens.

With most of the bull-fighters doing duty at the front, the Government ordered arenas closed and prohibited militiamen from buttonholing citizens and examining their credentials or otherwise raiding suspect homes. At the same time it issued decrees enabling it to take over private charity and to bar landlords from evicting their tenants or from collecting back rents. All rents for apartments leasing under $27 a month were halved for the benefit of the Communist and Anarchist rich-baiters.

To augment Madrid's defense forces—a hodgepodge of 80,000 regulars and militiamen and women—Francisco Largo Caballero appealed to the city's youth with

Pix

© International

Spanish senoritas, once the idols of red-sashed caballeros, now Red Carmens in the ranks

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

military experience to join the proletarian militia. A formidable champion of proletarian revolutionary dictatorship in the extreme Left wing, which supports President Manuel Azaña's Popular Front Government, he ironed out his differences with Indalecio Prieto, the moderate Socialist leader, who joined in the patriotic appeal.

Pointing out that thus far the defense of the Guadarrama mountains, Madrid's natural buttresses against the northern rebels, already had cost the country about 35,000 men, Prieto injected an encouraging note when he cited Napoleon's famous dictum that "Money, money, money" were the three requisites for winning a war. Proudly he told his followers that the Government had a gold reserve of about $718,000,000, as compared with the insurgents' "drop in the ocean," which they received mostly from refugee Juan March, Spain's wealthiest citizen.

Generals' Claims—No less cheering was the voice of the dapper little Premier José Giral Pereira, who jammed Madrid's jails with Fascist and Royalist suspects and was forced to use part of women's prisons for 7,000 disloyal prisoners, who included army officers, nuns, priests and dead-beat noblemen and grandees. He assured citizens that government troops had captured San Rafael, forty miles north of Madrid and on the road to Segovia, after breaking through rebel lines to the other side of the Guadarramas and isolating the insurgent defenders of Leon Pass.

Through the capital's busy radio station and censored newspapers, Premier Giral claimed the capture of La Zaida, thirty miles southwest of rebel-held Saragossa; also La Pina, a strategic point in the rebels' advance from Aragon, which was laid waste by Leftist troops after a sanguinary two-day battle.

Most heartening to loyalist ears was the effective work of their squadron—made up of the battleship *Jaime*, the cruiser *Libertad* and several destroyers operating in the Mediterranean—which almost raked the rebels out of flame-swept Algeciras and sank the 1,300-ton gunboat, *Dato*, their principal convoy for transporting Moroccan troops to the Spanish mainland.

Leader Checkmated—The plan of General Emilio Mola, Commander-in-Chief of the northern rebel forces, to take Madrid early this month failed utterly.

Mola, however, persisted in assuring interviewers that Leftist resistance was crumbling and that he would consider nothing less than complete victory and the occupation of Madrid. Denying that the insurgent leaders contemplated a change in Spain's form of government, he asserted airily: "We simply wish to free the country and reconstruct the State on authoritarian principles."

Meanwhile, at the ancient Moorish fortress of Alcazar, in Toledo, rebels still held out against their besiegers, who banked on food and water shortage to force their surrender.

Indicating his need for ammunition, General Mola's biggest move was to launch a stiff attack on Tolosa and nearby San Sebastian, on the Bay of Biscay, while farther west he drove an offensive against Gijon with the object of a sea outlet.

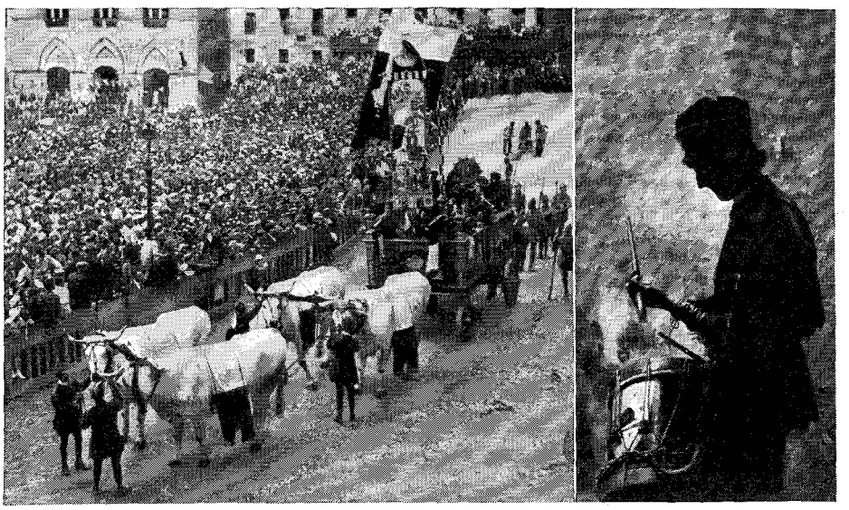
Of little assistance to General Mola was the landing of Gen. Francisco Franco, leader of the rebellion, in Seville, since on the southern sector the rebel forces were stymied by loyalist cities lining the road to Madrid. Nowhere were insurgent strongholds nearer than 200 miles to the south of Madrid.

Bubbling with enthusiasm, however, General Franco pledged justice for all, deplored church persecutions and gloated over the news that Prof. Miguel de Unamuno, the philosopher whose writings materially helped oust the monarchy, had declared for the rebel cause.

With hardly an outstanding victory to cheer the rebel forces, Leftist refugees from their Saragossa stronghold told of the death penalty which its citizens paid for reading Madrid papers dropped from loyalist airplanes. No less harsh was the first-hand testimony of a correspondent. Relayed through London, it made front-page news in the New York *Times* as "the first full, uncensored account of Madrid."

"Everything pointed to the fact," the account stated, "that the insurgents were ready to go to the utmost extreme to assure victory. . . . Summary prosecutions, destructions of crops, cattle and buildings and cutting off of light and water mains were indicated as a means to this end."

The loyalist drive for the nationalization of church property, on the other hand, netted the Spanish Government $5,600,000 as bishops, nuns and priests were arrested and despoiled of gold and art.



European Picture Service

Oxen draw a reconstructed relic of an ancient victory in Sienna, while a drummer beats out the Palio march

DANTE READ: But Most Siennese for Six Centuries Have Staged Fiesta of Pomp and Pageantry

Sienna's memories die hard. In the Middle Ages the red-walled town was the strongest of any among the Tuscan Hills. Now its population has shrunk from its early 100,000 to less than half, and its ancient rival, Florence, dominates Tuscany with 316,286.

Yet Siennese remember that more than 600 years ago they defeated the Florentines at Montaperto on the curling brown Arbia eight miles beyond the walls. Nor have they forgotten that their ancestors promised to hold an annual *fiesta* in honor of the Blessed Virgin who brought them victory.

So every year on August 16 they hold the Palio—a horse-race named for the banner the winner receives. This week three City Councilors, splendid in scarlet dress, twirled a silver-tipped little whip in a crystal bowl, and drew the names of the ten wards into which Sienna is divided. Then they drew the steeds—not thoroughbreds, but humble workaday cart-horses.

Pomp and Pageantry—Sunday priests bless the jockeys—gaily-clad youths drawn from the various wards—and sprinkle the horses with holy water. Then two heralds in ermine and velvet, with the black-and-white banners of Sienna swinging from their silver bugles, head a procession of pageantry toward the piazza, formerly called *del Campo* (of the field), now *Victor Emmanuel*.

Spectators, leaning from the velvet-hung Gothic windows of the Communal Palace and other ancient brown buildings, or massed in the lovely shell-shaped square, cheer jugglers and clowns in medieval motley, leap for the bright ribbon-borne trinkets archers shoot into the crowd.

Drummers and pages escort the wards' banners, heraldic symbols with tortoise, eagle, goose (it was in the ward of the goose that the great St. Catherine was born). Four caparisoned white oxen sway at the rear, lugging a reproduction of the battle-cart captured at Montaperto. The real cart collapsed 100 years ago after adorning the *fiestas* of five centuries.

Mad Gallop—The horses line up, the amateur riders leap on, and the mad gallop around the piazza begins. Spectators set up a great shout for their own ward, while horsemen fight off competitors with cruel blows of their bull-hide switches.

Three times they tear around the square. Then the winner reins in as shrieking youngsters from his ward swoop on to embrace him. His victorious adherents swarm to lead horse and rider to the judge's stand. There the champion receives the banner bearing an image of Mary Queen of Sienna.

The victors hang the banner beside others in their own chapel, sing a *Te Deum*, and dance and drink wine till late at night.

At the near-by Church of the Madonna de Provenzano, the horse receives a second blessing. Monday, an equine *Cinderella*, it begins another humble year.

Nowadays tourists from Europe and America join the Siennese for the colorful

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

revival. Yet in the Middle Ages at least one Italian lingered there uninterested. One wild tournament day, Boccaccio relates, Dante "lay with his breast upon a bench" near an apothecary's shop on the *piazza*, and read a book.

GREECE TO THE RIGHT:

Metaxas Dictator as People's Uprisings Threaten Red Rule

When King George returned to Greece from his London exile last November, he hoped to govern a constitutional monarchy like that of his placid English cousins, the Windsor family.

Rather than sail in on a bloodless royalist *coup d'état*, he insisted that his past—and future—subjects give their approval to his rule by a plebiscite. They called him back, overwhelmingly.

The monarch's first act was to oust the late Marshal George Kondylis, royalist leader who engineered his return, for fear the Marshal planned a Fascist dictatorship. At the King's instance hundreds of political prisoners—victims of the numerous plots and counter-plots which characterized post-War Greece—poured from the jails. Even adherents of the late Eleutherios Venizelos, ardent republican who had maneuvered the King's downfall in 1924, won their freedom.

Greece, however, proved more stormy than quiet Britain, and George's liberalism was short-lived. With his royal assent, Premier Gen. John Metaxas last week set up a dictatorship over the troubled kingdom.

Emulates Il Duce—The announcement came with dramatic suddenness during the night, just before a scheduled twenty-four-hour general strike. The Premier, a stocky, homely soldier who already held the War post, assumed, Mussolini-like, the Navy, Air and Foreign Affairs portfolios. A friendly Fascist, George Skylakakis, stayed on as Minister of the Interior, and the new Cabinet included whole-hearted admirers of Il Duce and Der Fuehrer.

Metaxas immediately dissolved the Chamber, postponed elections indefinitely, established martial law, and set up such a strict censorship that the world's scant news of Athens trickled from other Balkan capitals. To carry out his orders the former chief of staff could count fully on the support of Greece's 5,201 Army officers and 58,000 men.

Troops, refugees reported, patrolled the streets of cities and stood guard outside power, gas and telephone plants. Athens refused all calls. At Piræus, prehistoric port of Athens, and Salonika in the heart of Communist Macedonia, battle-ships and destroyers turned bristling guns inland. Yet the country remained quiet.

The Premier claimed that the danger of an imminent Communist *coup* justified his joining Europe's dictators. Throughout the Balkans, however, ran a suspicion that the Red specter was only a bogy to scare the King, who had frequently refused the Premier's plea for absolute power.

Threat from the Left—In the last election Communists won only fifteen seats out of the Chamber's 300. By throwing their strength to the Venizelists and Peasants in the Chamber of minorities the Reds joined a coalition which threatened to upset the uncomfortable group through which Metaxas ruled.

Only 70,000 Communists registered in the election—scarcely a threat to Greece's 6,000,000 inhabitants. Labor troubles early in May indicated their workers were preaching. Red tobacco-workers in Salonika called a strike in protest against their ninety cents a day wage. At first the more moderate trade-unions and the general public remained apathetic. Then, on the Premier's orders, police and troops fired on demonstrators, killing twelve. Unions immediately staged twenty-four-hour strikes throughout the country. Save for street-car employees whom the Premier "mobilized"—making them subject to military orders and the Army's severe discipline—the strikes were successful. Employers, forced by an inflamed public opinion, raised the tobacco men's pay to $6 a week.

Rebel Against Rebellion—Disorders continued. Late May, June and July saw more strikes, more demonstrations, sporadic bloodshed. The protests infuriated the stern ex-Army man who began insisting on discipline in 1897, when as a young lieutenant he served in the Greco-Turkish war.

Finally Metaxas ordered compulsory arbitration of all disputes. In protest against this ruling, the unions called last week's strike. Labor-leaders had advised their men to avoid all provocation, yet the demonstration gave the Premier the excuse he had long awaited.

The day after his *coup* police swarmed down on Leftists, throwing hundreds in jail and reputedly mistreating some. The entire labor-union committee went to prison.

The Press Clicks Heels—The Premier insisted he plans no Fascist State. Peering through thick lenses at reporters whose censored dispatches reflected their skepticism, he announced: "I took the minimum powers necessary to face Communist dangers, but I am not going to relinquish them until the country is cleansed of Communism and the social order is made unshakable. Only then can it be possible to consider a return to normal political life. I can not fix a time-limit on the present situation. The Greek press, as well as all Greeks, will have to abide by national discipline."

The new régime, he continued, would severely repress two notorious enemies of Fascists, internationalism and antimilitarism. To pacify workers, he promised an eight-hour day, minimum wages and social insurance.

Acme

Riots such as this gave Metaxas his excuse for setting up a dictatorship

ALL MILLIONAIRES: New Zealand Premier's Goal Living Standard of America's Wealthy

Land of erstwhile man-eating Maoris, New Zealand's surf-laved, fiord-broken islands bestride the mighty waves of the South Seas and tower skyward with snow-capped glacier-robed mountains, gushing geysers, live volcanoes and hot springs.

A little more than 100 years ago, England admitted the islands into her Empire network, recognizing their rediscovery by seafaring Captain Cook and suavely suffering its colonists to startle the world with new-fangled social and economic reforms.

With a flair for social crusading, the pioneer stock of New Zealand Britons launched out with one piece of legislation after another—parceled and leased the large estates, ordained public ownership of railroads and telegraphs, put through a single land tax, organized a state-run life-insurance company and settled the unemployed on farms.

"New Deal"—During the last fifty years, the ideas of these socially-minded *Robinson Crusoes* were praised and copied by most progressive nations. At home, they voted ministries into power to socialize the country while doing mere lip-service to their social and economic British heritage. In November of last year, however, the curtain was torn aside and a new, full-fledged Socialist Labor Cabinet stepped on the scene, widely heralded as the "New Deal of the Antipodes."

Last week Michael J. Savage, elderly Australian-born farmer's son and former miner, lashed his Labor Government into a "soak-the-rich" drive when his "New Deal's" first Socialist budget was introduced in the New Zealand Parliament. The Prime Minister asked that steeper rates be imposed on higher income brackets to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

finance his pet schemes of bigger pensions for the aged, widows and injured miners; and a national health-insurance plan to which all New Zealanders contribute toward a pension of $6 a week, in addition to medical and hospitalization fees.

Schooled by "Paddy" Webb, one of the country's most celebrated revolutionists, Mr. Savage entered politics militantly pledged to give every man, woman and child the opportunity "to live an abundant life, a creative life, an individual life."

Echoing his chief's optimism, W. H. T. Armstrong, the fighting Labor Minister, told workmen that wages must provide a reasonable standard of living for a man, his wife and three children. Amid cheers, he declared:

"I shall not be satisfied until the workers of New Zealand are living up to the standards of American millionaires."

Labor Front—Despite his Australian birth and humble origin, Prime Minister Savage gained popularity for his honesty and fair-mindedness and united the Laborites solidly in a victory which gave them fifty out of the eighty Parliamentary seats. More than any other promise, his platform of "guaranteed prices" enabled him to smash the old coalition of Conservatives and Liberals by mustering almost the entire vote of the agricultural districts.

Voicing Tory preoccupation over Labor's triumph in the far-off Dominion, *The Times* of London grudgingly wished Mr. Savage success and "the Dominion not too heavy a bill of costs." But the new Premier, mild and friendly at sixty-four, ignored the torrent of Tory criticism and shot bill after bill through Parliament, assuring New Zealanders that his radical policies would neither hurt vested interests nor contract loans to finance his huge program.

Working at top speed, the "New Deal" Cabinet transformed the Reserve Bank of New Zealand into the State Bank and placed it at the mercy of the Finance Ministry in Wellington, university town and Capital. Alarmed bankers expressed fear lest the Government should use their funds to finance its "wild" socialistic schemes. But, with bluff frankness, the Cabinet reassured the country's 1,500,000 inhabitants that "if the Minister of Finance to the Labor Government can not create money with a wave of his hand, he is evidently not the man for the job."

Acme

Premier Michael J. Savage steers New Zealand's New Deal

Acme

New Zealand's labor-laws now inspire man-eating Maoris to dance to a different tune

Rules Radio Waves—To relieve home and farmstead owners, the Mortgage Corporation was turned into the State's Advance Corporation, with almost unlimited power to borrow and lend money for housing and farm projects, also directly under the Finance Department, which administers its $5,000,000 capital.

In its anxiety to acquaint the public at first hand with governmental goings-on, the régime ordered the installation of amplifiers in Parliament and other governmental offices. It took this step as a result of the new Broadcasting Act, which enabled it to take over the old Broadcasting Board and to create a new wave-band, thus obtaining adequate publicity with the appointment of a special Minister. Bitter over its treatment by the press for over a generation, the Government took this means to make itself heard, since Labor never has had a daily newspaper in New Zealand.

Premier Savage's supervision over the "greedy" interests was strengthened by passage of the Fair Rents Act, which limits the right of landlords to raise rent or evict tenants. By stressing the forty-hour, five-day week at six days' wages, on the other hand, the "New Deal" hopes to solve the unemployment problem and prevent some groups from working overtime at the expense of others.

To make good its campaign promise, it is putting through an $85,000,000 three-year public-works program under an emigrant Scottish Minister, Bob Semple. The minimum wage of $15 a week for unskilled laborers, whether married, single or Maori, is being enforced, while skilled laborers are paid on a graduated scale.

No Racial Ban—Thus, at one sweep, the aboriginal element of approximately 70,000 Maoris are placed on the same level as the whites, and with them become members of the New Zealand Workers' Union, subject to the arbitration laws.

To show gratitude to farmers for their heavy vote, Premier Savage made good his promise of guaranteeing prices and even pledged the Government to go as far as taking over and marketing their produce. At the same time, he placed an embargo on foreign wheat and boosted wages in the baking and milling industries. Benefited by this reform, farmers know beforehand the price they get for their produce. If, however, prices drop on the London or other markets, the Government creates a reserve with the profits to provide for its loss in case of a price drop.

BANANA REVOLT: Rebels Threaten to Disrupt Honduras' Supply of Fruit for Breakfast

In florid Spanish, Hondurans proudly dwell on the fact that Christopher Columbus discovered the Continent of America when, at the end of his fourth and last voyage, he landed on August 14, 1502, on Cape Honduras and founded the town of Trujillo.

For more than 400 years, their country has been known for its bananas, coconuts and revolutions. Last week, banana gourmands in North America airily whistled the once-popular song, "Yes, we have no bananas," as they read over their breakfast-table that rebels again threatened to disrupt their fruit-supply.

Unperturbed, Honduras's President, Gen. Tiburcio Carías Andino, just turning his fifty-fourth year, twirled his bushy, spiked mustaches and strolled about the gorgeous interior courtyard of his massive Palace at Tegucigalpa, the Capital.

His military features grimly set, he suffered his confidant to detail the latest "rumors" that Dr. Venancio Callejas, leader of the opposition, was babbling of a strong revolutionary movement from his refuge in San Jose, Costa Rica.

Checking his anger, President Carías hastily ordered "categorical denials."

Altho his term of office expires in February of next year, the President recently caused a storm of dissatisfaction when he announced that he would seek reelection, or "succession" according to his enemies. His move immediately split the Nationalist Party, which he leads. The opposition chose Doctor Callejas.

With an area of 44,275 miles, Honduras is slightly larger than Pennsylvania, and its population of 962,685 is made up of aboriginal Indians, Negroes, Mestizos and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Spaniards. About one-third of the people live on the banana industry, while the rest of the peasantry and laborers engage in the raising and marketing of coffee, tobacco and coconuts. Straw hats and cigars are important exports.

Mostly mountainous, the country has many tropical forests and numerous rivers irrigate the land in their course to the Caribbean sea. Despite its mineral wealth, only 5 per cent. of its gold, platinum, silver, copper, zinc, iron and nickel mines have been worked. Slowly railroads are being built and air-plane service extended to do away with the pack-mule and ox-cart means of transportation inherited from the days of Spanish conquest.

"LAMBASTE THE RICH":

Even Japanese Rightists Snipe at Her Eight Wealthiest Families

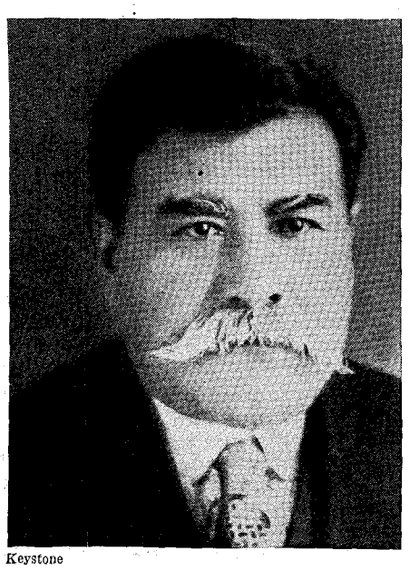
Writing for the last Japanese *Who's Who,* slim young Baron Kitchezaemon Sumitomo, who pays the highest taxes in all Nippon, drew a black line through the words "well-known millionaire" in his late father's biography.

The name could stand. It was the same for father and son. So, too, could the fact that the bearer was head of the Sumitomo clan. But that Sumitomo is synonymous with millionaire was not only known, but too well known for the young baron's peace of mind. . . . Of his own fortune he wrote only an abbreviated list of banking, insurance, mining and warehouse companies of which he is president or director. Where custom demanded that he note his origin, he penned:

"Son of late Baron Kitchezaemon Sumitomo, *business man.*"

For a hurricane of popular disapproval is shaking the composure of Nippon's financial aristocracy, and they are busy "playing poor," and, when that is impossible, being as inconspicuous as they can.

In republican France the storm came from the red or reddish "Left"; and drove the famous "two hundred" financially ruling families from their front-line trenches in the Bank of France.



Keystone

Honduran President, General Carías: poker-faced about rebellion, with aces up his sleeve

Attack from the Right—In Japan, the blast is from the white, conservative, fascist and ultranationalist "Right"; and the families under attack number, not 200, but eight. Mitsui, Asano, Mitsubishi, Shibuwasa, Sumitomo, Yasudo, Okura and Suzuki are the names. They are said to control three-fourths of Japan's insurance reserves and trust properties and two-thirds of her bank deposits.

Once they vied with each other in writing "millionaire" after their names in public records. One of the Okuras boasted in *Who's Who:* "first . . . employed by a druggist, started business independently; and was clever enough to begin selling arms and ammunition, from which he derived a large profit."

They indulge in no such boasting now; omit stories of their acquisitive skill; minimize wealth, if possible; and push to the fore their philanthropies and honorary and university degrees. For so hot is the "soak-the-rich" campaign, and from such influential quarters does it blow that no one, in 1936, makes a show of his possessions or how he got them.

Poor Get Poorer—Army officers, members of the passionately fanatical secret fascist clubs, advocates of military dictatorship and imperial expansion without let or hindrance, alike are enraged because the eight families grow constantly more affluent, while 84 per cent. of Nippon's families live on incomes of less than $400 a year.

For three years Japanese foreign trade has enjoyed an unprecedented boom while the foreign trade of all other countries shrank; yet farm incomes have decreased; living costs have risen; living standards have fallen and the farm debt has risen to one-half the national debt.

Seventy per cent. of the farmers, raising mostly rice and silk, are tenant farmers now; and their rents often total two-thirds of what they produce.

Expansion on the mainland of Asia, expected to bring plenty to small traders and a population permanently at the hunger line, has resulted, thus far, only in dividends to the handful of family clans atop all Japanese financial and industrial activity. And these are now crouching before a verbal shelling fiercer than that recently endured by the Schneiders and de Wendels in France, and the Du Ponts and Morgans in the U. S. A.

Money, as such, still carries the stigma of disgrace and degradation with which it was regarded by the Samurai (landed nobility), who dominated the feudal Japan so recently become industrial. Sons of Samurai, still living, can remember childhood in which they were forbidden to touch money, all their desires being satisfied by a hireling paid to handle lucre sincerely thought of as filthy. The eight money-making clans are still looked upon by millions of Japanese as upstarts, risen, by aggressiveness and greed, from a caste scarcely above India's untouchables; and no respect or reverence is accorded them, tho they have acquired immense political as well as financial power.

Tho no Nye Committee gives the attacks against them an official tinge, accusations have a familiar sound. Munitions profiteering, sales of barbed wire to the Chinese defending Shanghai, and of other supplies to Chinese war-lords hostile to Japan, and use of advance information on the devaluation of the *yen* to speculate against Japan's currency in foreign exchange markets, are charged to the Mitsuis, who bear the brunt of the attack, tho none of the eight clans escapes unscathed.

© International

Baron Takakimo Mitsui: Japan's No. 2 taxpayer worries about attacks on wealth

Journalistic Fire—Climax of a long campaign is a series of articles in the serious monthly, *Nippon Hyoron,* by Hidekichi Wada.

"Profit first, or greed which knows no limit," Wada offers as reason that the Mitsuis are "best hated," and Mitsubishi "next best hated."

The former clan allows impecunious pioneers to seek out world markets and then, "mobilizes its overwhelming capital and seizes the markets for its monopolistic enjoyment, plunging the pioneers into hopeless liquidation," he rages.

Shudders chase up and down Mitsui spines as their owners recall the assassination of Baron Takuma Dan Mitsui, head of the clan, in 1932.

For such pot-shooting is often approved by public opinion and pardoned by the courts, if the shooter pleads patriotism as a motive.

As oil on waters of the rising storm, both Mitsuis and Mitsubishis, matching *yen* for *yen,* are following Occidental example, pouring millions into public benefactions for research and philanthropy, without, however, placating the multitude or the influential tho comparatively poor survivors of the Samurai. Their philanthropies are hotly denounced as "camouflage to deceive the public into belief that they have reformed." A 30,000,000 *yen* "Mitsui Foundation" failing to win good-will, the company sold shares in subsidiaries, previously held by the clan, to the general public, again imitating Western practise. And when this proved vain, they lopped off the head of their too-efficient general director, still with no result.

"Mitsui has had to take upon itself the whole venom . . . on behalf not only of Mitsubishi but also of Sumitomo, Okura and others," writes Wada. "The reason is not far to seek. Mitsui controls a kingdom larger than does any other; and its principle has been one of aggressive commercialism sweeping over all lucrative fields however small, at the expense of small

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

scale industrialists and traders. Mitsubishi . . . goes beyond these limits and trespasses on minor fields such as milk, apples, and chicken-feed. . . ."

Among those denounced are Baron Takakima Mitsui, young head of his family and highest taxpayer in Eastern Japan; Baron Hisaya Iwasaki, runner up, and various members of all eight families.

CHINESE REVENGE: Chiang Threatens Invasion; Pai and Li, Old Foes, Invite Him to Try

Uncrackable nut is rugged, rocky, wooded, thinly populated Kwangsi, Province back of Canton, and last obstacle to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's unification (by bayonets and bribery) of all China.

Too strong to defeat, too rich to bribe, Kwangsi's cogenerals, Pai and Li (Pai Chung-hsi and Li Tsung-jen), thumb their noses at Nanking and dare the dictator's overwhelmingly larger armies to come and take them.

"Work *with* me," urged Chiang from his Capital a week ago. "I'll name you governors. . . . Work *against* me. . . . I'll crush you."

"Crush and be blowed," cackled General Pai. "I've worked with you before."

Firing-Squad—As Chiang's right hand, ten years ago, Pai captured Peiping (Peking then), ruled it by firing-squad and won from the Pekingese the name of "Communist Killer." So swiftly grew his prestige and power that Chiang, who had halted at Hankow 700 miles to the south, took fright, cashiered his best general and exiled him a 1,200-mile crow-flight from Peking. There Pai was to do penance in the mountainous, railroadless and roadless Province whose backward, impoverished population were the poorest pickings, for an ambitious war-lord, in all the ancient Celestial Empire.

Casting his eye over his Elba, General Pai discovered what his chief had overlooked, that one caravan trail crossed his little realm, and that by no other route could the immense opium shipments of hinterland Yunnan reach Canton by the sea.

Taxation Feat—By that trail Pai's economic problems were solved. All other war-lords had to depend on "squeeze," the ancient process of tax-collecting by surrounding villages and towns and ordering the mayors to send out the taxes, or suffer costly raids. Pai's neighboring war-lord in adjoining Szechwan Province had found his population so thoroughly "squeezed" that, to feed his ragged armies, he had to euphemize his mass ransoms by calling them "taxes paid ahead for thirty years."

By collecting no local "squeeze" whatever, Pai made himself immensely popular. To garrison the canyons lightly and levy "transit taxes" on the stream of Yunnan's opium sufficed for all his needs. Best-clad and best-fed troops in all China were his without a cent of cost to the Kwangsi.

To win the complete loyalty of the population Pai plowed part of his surpluses back into the Province. He gave it with the help of his able administrator General Li, a régime so benevolent that it was known far and wide as "Kwangsi's regeneration."

His immediate difficulties smoothed away, Pai devoted himself to what has become his life's ambition, revenge on Chiang Kai-shek. Local loyalty was the easier to consolidate because Kwangsi's people, for centuries walled in by their mountains, are racially distinct from the rest of China.

They regard the Chinese as foreigners. To the left and the right Pai and Li cultivated neighboring war-lords as friends. And to perfect their own already superior army they imported 100 Japanese drill-masters.

Ready for the supreme attempt a few months ago, they shipped the drill-sergeants home to Nippon and started the revenge army northward under the fantastic name of "National Anti-Japanese Salvation Force," ostensibly to force Chiang into action against Nippon, in reality to destroy him.

Had the other war-lords been as good as Pai and Li, Chiang would now be an exile rather than China's Bismarck. Chiang, however, met the advancing hosts with not lead, but silver bullets in volleys that rolled like thunder out of Nanking; the other southern generals and troops alike deserted to Chiang in thousands. And Cantonese Chen Chi-tang, leader of the largest of the revenge (Salvation) hordes, waiting only until his troops were on their way, grabbed all the loose private and public money in sight ($100,000,000 of the latter), skipping by boat to British-ruled Hongkong.

After collapse of the Salvation Force, Pai and Li could do no more than march their own fat, well-drilled and disciplined men back to their Kwangsi strongholds and prepare for siege.

Silver Lure—Far from certain that he can dislodge them by force, Chiang is trying to lure the generals out by offers of silver, gold and honorable rank in his personal Nationalist Government. Nor are Pai and Li, if it were so simple as that, above being tempted. Long before the Borgias, China knew the institution of hospitality accompanied by the poisoned cup and the dagger from behind a tapestry; and the Kwangsi generals are fully aware that Chiang very probably has graves ready-dug for them in the suburbs of Nanking. They know also that Canton's Chen, theoretically secure under the British flag in his luxurious estate at Hongkong, in reality trembles at every movement of the draperies and watches his pulse after every meal.

To Chiang's invitation to court they reply that Kwangsi will "declare independence in twenty-four hours," tho in which twenty-four they do not specify.

Chiang threatens invasion.

Pai and Li invite him to try.

High-Priced—If Pai and Li sell out, it will be at a price higher than Chiang is in the habit of paying; and if they fight, expert observers at Shanghai believe, they can hold Kwangsi against any forces Chiang can send against them.

© International

General Li (center) sneers at Gen. Chiang Kai-shek's Chinese unification drive

Tho rice-eaters like the rest of South China, the 12,000,000 Kwangsese are a race sturdy enough to give the northern noodle-eaters a battle over any terrain. For centuries, as mountaineers, they trained for it in bandit-pillaging of the neighboring plainsmen under General Pai; their traditional ferocity has been disciplined and directed until they are the most military-minded population in China.

Strictly as a war-prize, Kwangsi can be worth little to Generalissimo Chiang, but its subjugation would make him the first to unify China, in any fashion, since the World War; and would greatly augment his credit in the outside world.

Meanwhile the Nanking dictator stolidly received the warning that the Japanese-fostered independent Government of Inner Mongolia had joined forces with three free-booting Chinese armies. Their object was to make war on Suiyan Province, along the Inner Mongol border, and attack Shansi, wired Gen. Yen Hsi-Shan, former "model Governor" and now dominant war lord in the northwestern regions within the Great Wall.

Mongol leaders confirmed General Yen's alarm and said that Prince Teh, head of the Inner Mongolian independent Government, after six months of military preparation, was leader of the attack on these Chinese Provinces, which were formerly part of the Mongol area.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DOCTORS WHO CURE WITHOUT PILLS

Psychiatry Straightens Kinks by Suggestion, Not Medicine

So you'd like to give the boss a Bronx cheer?

Well, then *do* it and get it over with, unless you want to run the risk of stomach ulcers. Because frustration probably causes more physical illness than all the microbes in creation, and all the pills at the corner drug-store can't cure a man who carries a chip on his shoulder.

So says Dr. Smith Ely Jelliffe, New York psychiatrist, in last week's *Hygeia*. And he adds that 80 per cent. of the doctors of America would starve if people would only learn not to control their emotions—even to grinning when a pal walks off with the *Only Girl* you were planning to marry.

There was a girl violinist who forgot to grin. Moonlight nights her boy-friend had to be entertained by Kid Sister while she practised Sarasate's *Zigeunerweisen* at the other end of the honeysuckle shrouded veranda. From the porch-swing there came furtive giggles in the dark. To the violinist it meant only one thing: Kid Sister, to whom she had given everything, was helping herself to the Big Moment.

Came a pain in the back. Then curvature of the spine. The doctor couldn't find the reason—until he wormed the story out of her, found that she had thought of her sister's treason as "a stab in the back"; her unconscious mind had done the rest.

On the good doctor's advice, the girl went home, cuffed the infant ingrate into submission and marched the contrite philanderer to the altar. The pain disappeared with the first whiff of orange-blossoms.

Happy Ending—Then there was the case of the young girl in the strange city who couldn't keep her supper down. She took pills, tonics and bitters, but nothing did any good. She finally landed in a hospital ward.

Social workers found that she had come to the city seeking work, but hadn't found it. Instead, she had found the unwelcome attention of vice racketeers. Tho she wasn't really aware of the sinister intentions of her "friends," her unconscious mind grasped the situation and took refuge in an illness that brought her to the temporary safety of the hospital.

The stomach trouble cleared up in twenty-four hours when she found a job and a safe place to live.

Unfortunately, all cases do not have nice, happy endings. During the early part of life, Doctor Jelliffe finds, these "organ neuroses" can usually be cured, simply by removing the mental conflict. But if they have been "lived with" for several years, they produce irreversible changes, real physical disease. By forty or thereabouts, they often have become so fortified that no amount of treatment will remove them.

A case in point was the man who fought his son-in-law. He came to Doctor Jelliffe almost a cripple, his joints knotted with what looked like arthritis. He complained of his "rheumatism."

But the usual tests showed no focal infections of teeth or tonsils, such as are often the cause of rheumatism or arthritis. The trouble was mental.

The man was a widower, living with his two daughters, the elder of whom was seeking a divorce and the custody of a child. The son-in-law was cunning and well-to-do. Every conceivable legal trick had been used to delay the case.

As the patient told how he hated his son-in-law, he knotted and twisted his legs, arms and fingers with the frustrated motions of a person who wanted to kick, beat and strangle his opponent. His exasperation and hostility had literally extended to his tendons and joints, and he had lived with his emotions so long that he was permanently deformed.

Countless Cases—Every doctor finds hundreds of such cases in his waiting-room.

Dr. Smith Ely Jelliffe tells crotchety persons why they kick doors when they want to kick relatives

There once was a time when physicians looked with amused tolerance on the plump dowager who came complaining of sundry fleeting pains and aches when there plainly was nothing physical the matter with her.

Patients who complain of headaches, stomach trouble, imagined heart-disease, worry, tiredness or anxiety may have something real and physical wrong with them, but seven times out of ten it is just another way of expressing anger at the boss, frustration in love or career, exasperation or worry.

These patients sometimes get a bottleful of harmless colored pills and are sent home. But wiser physicians try to help them take stock and overcome the mental conflict before real physical disease sets in. The patient may be asked leading questions like these:

Do you think the boss is giving you a square deal?

Ever get sore at inanimate objects, such as chairs that get in the road of toes in the dark, and bust them? Ever curse and yank at hammers, lawn-mowers or tight bureau-drawers?

Do you have homicidal tendencies when the neighbors' radio breaks up the Sunday morning beauty sleep?

Who's your pet peeve at the office?

Do you feel that people are always trying to short-change or short-weight you?

Does your wife paint her toe-nails? Serve soup cold? Have liver more than once a week? Run bills? Drive from the back seat?

Does it affect your blood-pressure when kids and dogs run across your lawn?

Does your husband's secretary bother you?

Do you slice your drives? How many clubs did you bust (intentionally) last year?

Do you take politics seriously?

If the list hits you any place, you're probably a paid-up member of the Crotchety Club, whose members go around saying: "If there is anything I hate, it's—"

Omnipresent Hates—What they hate doesn't matter. It may vary all the way from windows that won't open to the mannerisms of a prominent actress. It is really another expression of the generalized peeve, and probably will produce bad health in plenty sooner or later.

As a matter of fact, the members of the Crotchety Club usually aren't peeved at the things they name at all. It's just another way of expressing some masked exasperation, the real object being some one or something against which the victim can't effectively cope: the wife, the in-laws, business associates, or possibly the boss.

When some people realize there is a conflict in their lives, they go to a psychoanalyst. But that kind of treatment is out of the question for most folk, because it costs too much, takes too long, and is pretty uncertain as to results.

Dr. Harold Thomas Hyman, in *The Journal of the American Medical Association*, reported last week that the average psychoanalyst charges $10 an hour, and that 250 to 270 sessions are necessary for a complete analysis, making a total bill of $2,500 to $3,000 (it may run to $5,000-$6,000).

Psychoanalysts also are quite sharp

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about the money end of their work. Some demand payment in advance. They tolerate no changes in the hour set for analysis, and charge for sittings whether the patient shows up or not.

Selective Patients—Even then, there is no guaranty of a cure. In fact, says Doctor Hyman, only people above the average in intelligence, and between twenty-five and forty, can benefit from psychoanalysis. In his experience the most likely psychoanalytic successes are professional and artistic folk. Others do not seem to be able to make use of the information psychoanalysis tells about themselves.

So the best bet is the family doctor. If he has been acquainted with the case for some time, he usually knows more about the patient than he knows about himself. If he doesn't, he usually will be able to help the patient find out what the mental trouble is and assist him to correct it.

People with mental conflicts usually won't have much luck trying to diagnose their own cases. Even psychiatrists, who get into mental conflicts about as often as other people, must go to other psychiatrists to get straightened out.

SNEEZING PLANT: Ragweed Makes Hay-Fever Sufferers Miserable; There Are Other Causes

Last week in Concord, Massachusetts, came the sneeze heard round the world.

Immediately, Minute Men (and Women) sprang to battle. High-heeled débutantes, grimy-mugged urchins, florid bartenders and staid business men pulled and yanked at sturdy green plants in lawns and vacant lots, vindictively tossed them into the streets.

Victims of an epidemic compulsion neurosis? No, merely good citizens responding to Concord's municipal campaign against the ragweed, which begins blooming about August 15, sending off clouds of yellow pollen. This month, more than 100 towns and cities in the East and Middle West were carrying on similar campaigns.

Under a microscope, the soft, yellow grains look like miniature golf-balls, thickly studded with spikes.

When they come in contact with mucous membrane, the spikes jab little holes, through which the pollen grain discharges a jelly-like mass.

In ragweed areas, which include most parts of North America, the air is full of pollen from the middle of August until frost, and hay-fever sufferers sneeze, cough and strangle.

About one in every fifty individuals has hay-fever, and 90 per cent. of them are sensitive to ragweed pollen. More hay-fever sufferers join the country's 2,500,000 every year; it is a disease that seems to be on the increase.

Scientific Boon—Some sufferers get relief from injections of pollen, commenced a month or six weeks before the hay-fever season. Others can be helped by inhalation of various medicines, under the direction of a physician. Air-conditioning is proving a blessing to city-bound victims who are lucky enough to live or work in a modern building.

But of all the cures that have been suggested, the most practical seems to be to go where there is no pollen.

Last week, approximately 1,500,000 hay-fever sufferers were on the move, swamping rail and bus stations, buying steamship tickets and engaging hotel rooms in pollen-free districts. The most favored places in the East were the White Mountains in New Hampshire, the Catskills, the Alleghanies and Nova Scotia. In the northern Middle West, many sufferers find relief around Detroit and Duluth.

In all these regions, the misery-loves-company clubs were opening their halls, dusting off musty speakers' tables and mustier hay-fever jokes.

About a dozen such hay-fever clubs flourish in New England and in the South and West. One of the oldest and largest is the Hay Fever Club of America, organized twenty-five years ago in Duluth, Minnesota. Its President, Mrs. C. H. Lundblad, says Duluth is "the air-conditioned spot in the United States for the sufferer of hay-fever or asthma."

Another society is the Ca-Choo Club of Detroit, which has about 250 members, offers picnics, boat trips, dancing and banquets. The organization once planned to hold an annual sneezing contest, but called it off because there wasn't enough pollen in the air at Detroit to make any but forced sneezes possible.

Riddle for Savants—Just why some people are sensitive to pollen and others not is one of the questions that scientists can't answer. They do know that the sensitiveness seems to be inherited. If one parent is sensitive, or "allergic," half the children will be, too. If both parents are allergic, three-quarters of the children will be sensitive, tho not necessarily to the same irritant.

Sufferers have the satisfaction of knowing, too, that they are among the nation's elect; only especially sensitive, high-strung people get hay-fever. Dr. Reuben L. Kahn, specialist in immunity at the University of Michigan, blames civilized living. He says constant stimulation, excitement and crowds account for the increasing numbers of susceptible persons. No animals have hay-fever. Before 1673 medical literature made no mention of any human cases.

But, at that, hay-fever sufferers are lucky. Their sensitivity afflicts them at only certain seasons. The rest of the time they can breathe in peace. Not so the unfortunates who suffer from allergic troubles that goad them the year around.

Medical records are full of cases like the sea-captain who was sensitive to orris-root, which, until recently, was the basis of most face-powder. So long as the captain stayed at sea, he was all right. But on land he had a weakness for blondes, and blondes gave him asthma agony.

The list of things that affect people includes practically everything in common use, from milk to silk. Wool is a frequent offender; also feathers, hair, dust, fruits and fuzz. Two years ago, Dr. Salvatore J. Parlatto of New York reported the case of a man whose "hay-fever" was caused by fine hairs shed by the wings and legs of house-flies. Another patient noticed that she caught a cold every time she visited her mother-in-law. A doctor found the cause: she was sensitive to some old-fashioned horse-hair furniture.

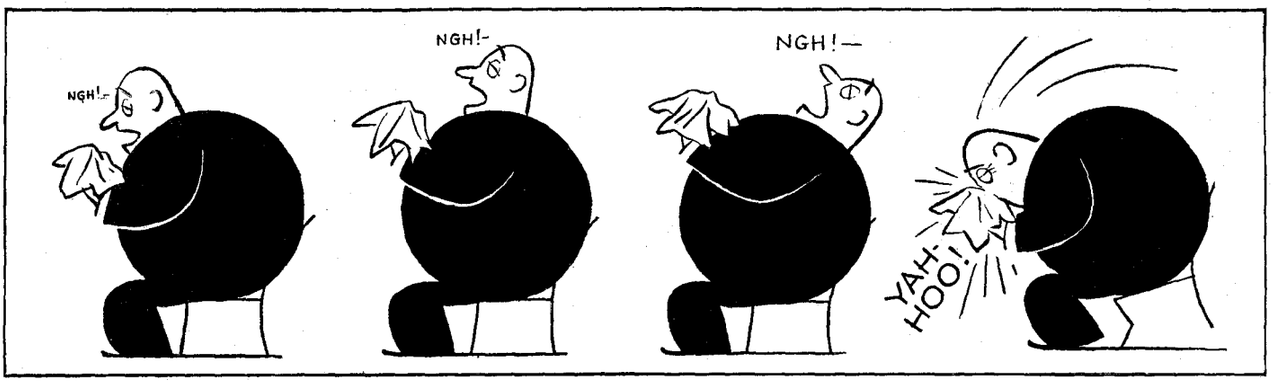
A husband was attacked by a furious case of asthma. The doctor tested him for pollens, silk, milk, feathers. Nothing gave a positive reaction until the physician made a small scratch on his arm and dropped there a decoction made from the hair of a cat. It raised an angry welt. The man sent his wife's pet Persian to the S.P.C.A. and lived happily ever after.

Three Seasons—But try to convince a hay-fever victim he is lucky, even in the face of this evidence. He will remember that there are 133,000 varieties of plants in the United States that produce pollen. Fortunately, only a few hundred are capable of causing hay-fever.

Because plants and trees bloom at different times, most localities have three distinct hay-fever seasons.

The trees pollinate from March to June, the grasses from May to July, and the weeds from August to October. Hay-fever victims, who are sensitive only to tree or grass pollens are as free from sneezes now as anybody, and can even be amused by stories about ragweed victims.

But wait until next spring, and they will



Courtesy of *Today*

A sneeze as a cartoonist sees it and everyone feels it

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be lugubrious about it again. Hay-fever victims sensitive to trees must look out particularly for maples, elms, poplars, birches, beeches, ash, oak and hickory. In the South, Bermuda grass is bad. In the West, they must take care to avoid wormwood and sagebrush.

Still, ragweed causes more hay-fever than all the other irritants combined, and hay-fever victims feel pretty bitter about it. Every season, zealous sufferers distribute leaflets, and municipal campaigns are stirred up in various parts of the country to eliminate it. The trouble is that ragweed grows almost anywhere. It decorates vacant lots, thrives around rubbish heaps, sneaks into gardens. And every year it replants itself copiously, so there never is a dearth.

It takes only four or five pollen grains to start a sensitive person sneezing. Dr. August A. Thomen, who wrote a book about hay-fever called "Don't Believe It," once grew ragweed plants in a vacant lot to see how much pollen they produce. The plot was twenty feet square, and in three days Doctor Thomen harvested 200 grams, or about a pint of pollen. Each gram contains 380,000,000 pollen grains.

Doctor Thomen's plot produced, in half a week, enough pollen to start 15,200,000,000 people sneezing—about two and a half times the population of the world.

BRITISH GOLD: 104,690 Sovereigns Founded Smithsonian Institution, Now Ninety Years Old

"The best blood of England flows in my veins; on my father's side I am a Northumberland, on my mother's I am related to kings, but this avails me not. *My name shall live in the memory of man when the titles of the Northumberlands and the Percys are extinct and forgotten.*"

With these words James Smithson, an obscure British chemist who was born James Lewis Macie, willed £104,690 in British gold sovereigns to the United States, a country he never had visited. His instructions, sent to the Federal Government a century ago, were to found in his name an institution "for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men."

Keystone

James Smithson: wanted to be remembered

The money was delivered to the Philadelphia Mint by the clipper-ship *Mediator* in September, 1838. Recoined into American money, it came to $508,318.46, and for eight years it lay untouched while American statesmen squabbled over it. John C. Calhoun was for rejecting the gift on the ground that the Constitution gave Congress no power to take money from foreigners. John Quincy Adams argued otherwise, and finally prevailed.

Last Monday, August 10, the Smithsonian Institution in Washington was celebrating its ninetieth birthday. Its endowment now is more than $1,500,000.

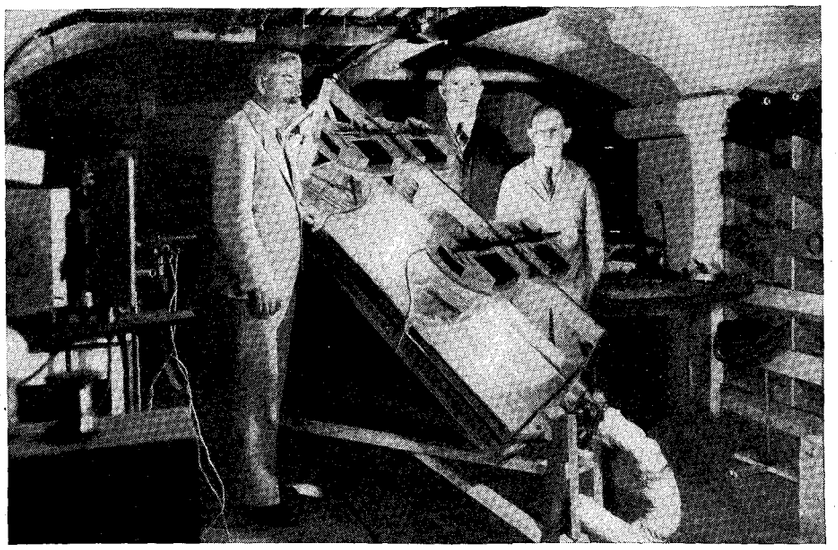
It operates the National Museum, the National Gallery of Art, the International Exchange Service, the Bureau of American Ethnology, the National Zoological Park, the Division of Radiation and Organisms, and an astrophysical division which runs three observatories, in California, Chile and Palestine.

Scientific Education—In its name Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, the anthropologist, was digging fossil-bearing earth in Alaska; Dr. Frank H. H. Roberts, the archeologist, was exploring the camp-sites of ancient Americans in Colorado.

A dozen other leading scientists were engaged in questioning Indians about their tribal customs, translating ancient volumes into modern English or classifying relics for the use of scholars and the education of science-wise visitors to the nation's Capital.

The Smithsonian's chief executive officer is its Secretary. There have been five, of whom the most famous was Dr. Samuel Pierpont Langley. Among scientists he is known for his studies of the sun, but most people remember him for his experiments with flying-machines.

Doctor Langley made a model, operated by a steam-engine, that flew successfully for half a mile in 1896. But when he constructed a full-scale flying-machine, trouble dogged him. The craft finally was wrecked while he was trying to launch it from a boat in the Potomac in the spring of 1903. The ridicule that followed broke his heart and finally killed him.



© Harris & Ewing

Dr. James Greeley Abbot studied the sun's heat, hated to waste it. His solar cooker worked well in Pasadena, may run a steam-engine next

Years later a test of the machine, rebuilt, showed that it could fly. But by that time the Wright brothers, Orville and Wilbur, had electrified the world with their famous flight at Kitty Hawk, also in 1903.

Langley's machine is among the Smithsonian collection of famous relics in the National Museum. Because he objected to a label calling Langley's craft the first successful flying machine, Orville Wright refused to let the Smithsonian have the Kitty Hawk plane. It was sent to the New Kensington Museum in London.

Among other famous air-planes in the National Museum is Colonel Lindbergh's *Spirit of St. Louis*, and Wiley Post's 'round-the-world *Winnie Mae*.

Langley's Aid—Smithsonian's present Secretary is Dr. Charles Greeley Abbot, Langley's former assistant.

With the aid of instruments of his own invention which could measure temperature variations of less than a millionth of a degree, Doctor Abbot discovered years ago that the sun, supposed to be a steady source of light and heat, actually flares up and down like a candle in the wind.

This variation, he believes, may be the ultimate cause of weather-changes. From the Smithsonian's three observatories reports come daily to his office, recording the sun's changes.

With a calculating machine, his "brass brain," constructed especially for the job, Doctor Abbot breaks down the jagged lines of his solar charts into cycles, from which he hopes some day to predict the weather whole years ahead.

Recently Doctor Abbot thought too much sunshine was going to waste in California, so he constructed for his summer home in Pasadena a machine to do cooking by sun-power.

It was a cylindrical mirror, curved to focus the sunlight on a tube filled with oil. A clockwork kept the mirror always facing the sun. The heated oil flowed through an oven insulated with asbestos.

Doctor Abbot now is rebuilding the cooker so it will generate steam. He thinks it can be made to operate a half-horsepower steam-engine; maybe that it will solve the power problem in desert and semidesert countries.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"BOY MET GIRL"—JUST 340 YEARS AGO

Twelve Reels of "Romeo and Juliet" Ready to Girdle Globe

Somewhere in Hollywood, on a bare, merciless cutting-room floor, lie 138,000 feet of motionless motion-picture film—culls from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's cinema production of "Romeo and Juliet."

Director George Cukor sent 150,000 feet spinning through the cameras before he filmed the twelve reels perfect enough for the picture. No public ever will see the jettisoned 138,000 feet. More people will see the accepted 12,000 feet in the next ninety days than the total of all audiences for the play since it was first produced 340 years ago (1596).

Shakespeare's romantic tragedy, the most lasting "Boy Meets Girl" formula ever devised by a dramatist, will be sent around the world.

Soon after New York City's 7,000,000 have it in their midst, the 20,000 of Casablanca, Morocco, will have it. It has been booked into the BiBaBo Theater in Tallinn, Estonia; the Arabian Nights Theater in Bagdad; the Alhambra in Singapore, the Drina Theater in somber Sarajevo.

Metro's full-length encounter with Shakespeare was not accomplished without scholarly aid.

On the sets daily, hovering over Talbot Jenning's shrewdly compressed scenario, was Prof. William Strunk, Jr., of Cornell University. He permitted no gross liberties. Insisted on inclusion of words and lines which never would have been allowed in a typical Hollywood program-picture. Shakespeare's magic condoned the audacities.

Artistic Triumph—The plague of jokes which swirled about director and cast during production has been stayed by the completed picture. Critics consider "Romeo and Juliet" a triumph of motion-picture art, very "possibly one of the finest pictures ever made in Hollywood."

Long memories retained the spectacle of Miss Norma Shearer when, years ago in the silent era, she dared a short balcony scene to the late John Gilbert's *Romeo*. Remembering that early indiscretion, they trembled for what she would be through twelve reels. Last week they stopped trembling, began to cheer.

The most acidulous admitted her *Juliet* to be a triumph, garlanded Leslie Howard for a curbed, disciplined performance as *Romeo*. Also, they delighted in the *Mercutio* of John Barrymore. He elected to ape the speech and mannerisms of an aging actress, satirizing her fondest theatrical trickery. Result: the first *Mercutio* in years not more glamourous than *Romeo*, but stalwart in his own right.

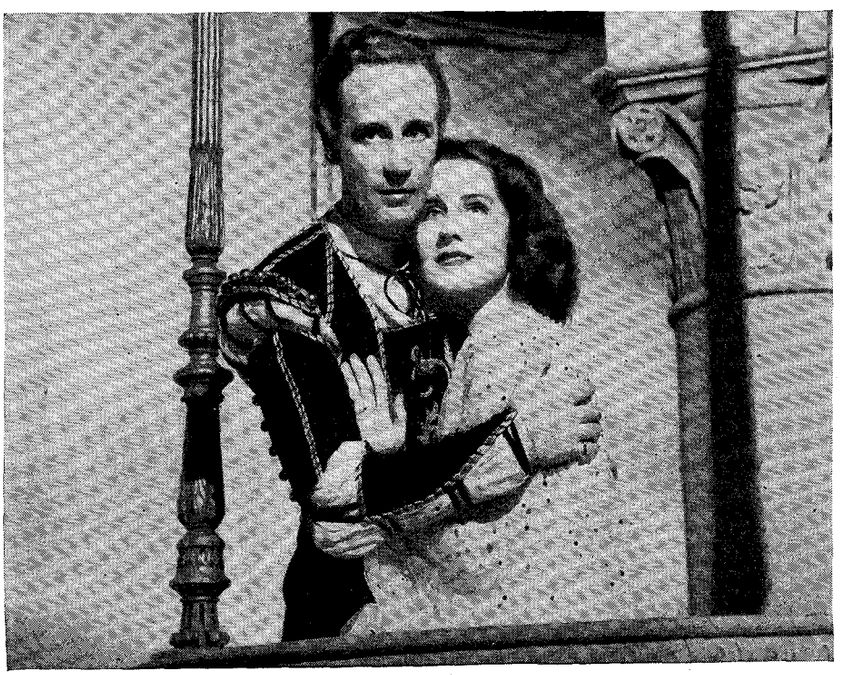
Gigantic settings have given the picture amazing scope. Cedric Gibbons, trudging through Italy for three months, discovered ancestral balconies were not mere juts of stone about watch-charm size. Accordingly, he provided *Juliet* with a balcony large enough to tent a battalion. He found landed Italian families not niggardly in their garden space. The consequence was a *Capulet* garden as large as the air-port in Fort Worth, Texas.

Other Gargantuanisms: the *Capulet* lily-pool, the Cathedral Square in Verona, the cemetery of Verona, a necropolis running over hill and dale for miles, studded with fat, ornate tombs.

"Romeo and Juliet" is Hollywood's best joust with Shakespeare to date. Skilled performances, knowing delivery of the famous lines, an acute sense that cheers would be grudged, jeers easy, combining to set alight the talents of all concerned.

No notable trickster with the camera, but a workman proud of his craft, William Daniels, A.S.C., found a playground in the film. Outstanding lensing: the balcony scene, the cell of *Friar Laurence*, the downhill duel between *Romeo* and *Tybalt*, *Juliet's* awakening in the tomb.

"Romeo and Juliet" will be released in the large cities after August 20.



Leslie Howard and Norma Shearer: "Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow"

Basil Rathbone growls at John Barrymore as flashing rapiers tangle

SUAVE LUNACY: "Piccadilly Jim," Silken, Hilarious Wodehouse Played by Shrewd Comics

Also from the studios of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer comes "Piccadilly Jim," a silken, hilarious comedy from an impetuous froth by P. G. Wodehouse.

Pulling no punches, forcing a star to swim for himself, the studio surrounds Robert Montgomery with a cast of shrewd, artful players. None bests him at the work of being suavely comic, but neither does he best any of his supporting players. The result is high-grade fun.

Charles Brackett and Edwin Knopf, assigned the work of turning Wodehouse's printed scamperings into a celluloid romp, picked the book clean, added a few humors of their own.

Mr. Montgomery is a cartoonist in London, supporting his actor-father, Frank Morgan. Each begins to woo a visiting American; together they discover the women are members of the same new-rich family. The family, for all its wealth, is harried by an elder sister who insists that the younger girls shall marry title and position.

The cartoonist takes this situation as base for a monstrously funny cartoon-strip. The shameless gibes in the strip send the family fleeing back to America. Appalled, he follows, and, together with his father, has a whirlwind reunion with the girls on the gang-plank of a liner.

Cinematic Loons—Chief clown assistants to Montgomery and Morgan are Eric Blore, first rank cinema loon, and Robert Benchley.

Madge Evans and Billie Burke keep up

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with the buffooning foursome, contribute eloquently to the picture.

Mystery: the identity of the unnamed cartoonist who actually drew the strips used in the film. They are better and funnier than dozens which are used daily in newspapers from Coast to Coast.

Preview professional comment was enthusiastic for "Piccadilly Jim."

The Hollywood *Reporter:* "This one, despite its delightful extravagance of phrase and literary flavor, will not have a limited appeal, but will prove continuously hilarious entertainment for all classes."

PLAY CRAFTING: There Are as Many Techniques for Writing Drama as There Are Playwrights

A troubled play-reader, roweled by ambition, decided to ask the No. 1 dramatist what to do.

"How," he asked George M. Cohan, "do you write a play?"

"I wish I knew!" Cohan replied.

That chilled the burgeoning ambitions, but was an honest answer. No dramatist knows exactly how he works, none follows the system of any other.

The most astute and reliable playwrights follow a habit-pattern, more because it is conducive to a working frame of mind, less because it is an actual mechanical aid to output.

The most meticulous is Eugene O'Neill, the most scape-grace was the late Willard Mack. Between them, for a period, they had the majority of successes in the American theater.

Mack's lax methods rose out of confidence that when the last minute came, he would, somehow, get to work and finish a promised play. Even this was taxed to the limit the day he impulsively telephoned David Belasco that a new Mack play had just been finished, was superb.

"Bring it up in an hour and read it to me," Belasco replied. "I'll be waiting eagerly."

Mack had no play, no plot. In an hour, he had a plot, bundled together 120 blank pages of manuscript paper, went to Belasco.

The producer settled back in a deep easy chair, Mack placed his blank pages on an antique pulpit in the Belasco studio.

"I'm going to give this a dramatic reading, Governor," the playwright said. "I don't want to hurry through it. It may take as long to read as it would to play."

"I have all day," said Belasco. "Proceed."

For two hours and a half, imperturbable, poised, flipping his blank pages over one by one as he pretended to be reading from them, Mack read out of thin air, complete with dialog, the play which later became "The Dove."

It was one of his greatest successes, as well as one of Belasco's. But it took Mack seven weeks of groaning labor to remember the dialog he had fished out of nothing that day he read from blank paper.

Idea Jotter—O'Neill's method is exactly opposite to this meadow-lark impetuousness. He gets an idea for a play, jots it down, elaborates it with immediate notes and puts it away. Months later, he may think of it again and give it some time. If he feels the "grip" of what he has, he writes out a rough draft in longhand. This, too, is put away to cool.

Weeks, months, sometimes years, pass before he goes back to that draft. If it still seems good, he rewrites it from beginning to end. By that time plot and emotional situations are practically set.

Then follow months of alteration and switching of detail. Few O'Neill plays are sent out for production before three years.

Somewhere between Mack and O'Neill is Frederick Lonsdale. He once wrote one act, the first act, in a typhoon of energy and then deflated. His name as a dramatist was so excellent that Sam H. Harris bought the play on the strength of the first act, advanced Lonsdale $1,500 on royalties.

From that day, in 1923, to this, Lonsdale never has written another line of that play. He returned the money.

Outstanding Woman—There are few reliable women dramatists. Outstanding, season in and out, is Rachel Crothers. Almost every season sees at least one play from her workshop. She shares with O'Neill the necessity of a "feel" for the play.

O'Neill must feel the emotions and reactions of his characters, she must feel the emotions and reactions of an audience. She constantly talks of "the personal story."

She will not write until she believes she has something to write. She shares with O'Neill the tactic of doing a rough draft, putting it away to age and mellow. Often, if unsure, she will invite six women to lunch, read them her new play. If they like it, react to it, she finishes it. If not, she turns detective and prowls through it page by page until she finds the flaws.

George Abbott, actor, author, director, coauthor of the famous success "Broadway" and producer of the current smash hit, "Boy Meets Girl," was an electrician's helper. He didn't think much of it as a business. He acted, he learned to direct, then wrote. He writes now, by mouth. He talks and talks to secretaries, informally. Then he writes it all out in longhand, leaves it to them to find what sense, if any, has been made. Generally there is enough sense there to make a play.

He and Howard Lindsay, another success, share a technique and a point of view: no flub-dub, no pseudo-art. Give the public a show shrewdly handled in the best manner of show business.

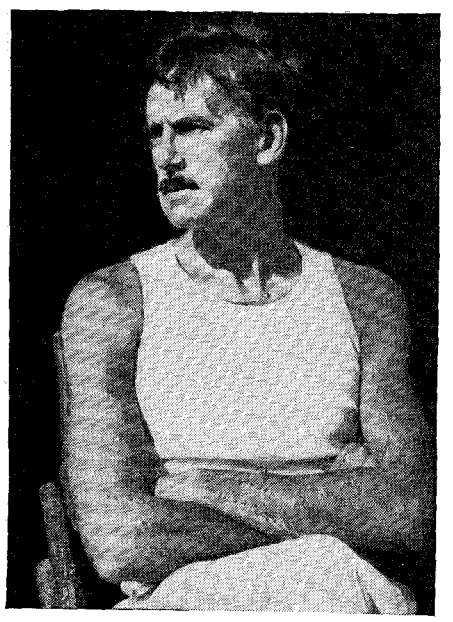
Lindsay's first goad to success was election to membership in The Players, a club of New York actors, writers and patrons of the arts.

"I'm not really ambitious," he said, "but I do want people to know who I am when I walk into The Players."

Ward Morehouse, who wrote the newspaper play, "Gentlemen of the Press," and is awaiting to begin rehearsals on his new one, "Miss Quis," sometimes, like O'Neill, takes as long as three years, also. But for a different reason. He thinks of amusing or pertinent lines of dialog. He writes these thoughts down on small strips of paper and stores them away in a hat-box. When the box is full of notes, he takes out the hundreds of slips, arranges them around a plot, has a play. His plays are noted for dialog.

Underwood

Wide World



Acme

Three playwrights with different approaches to their work . . . George Abbott, impetuous; Rachel Crothers, meticulous, and Eugene O'Neill,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ELEVEN FEET OF CLAY IN ART TEMPEST

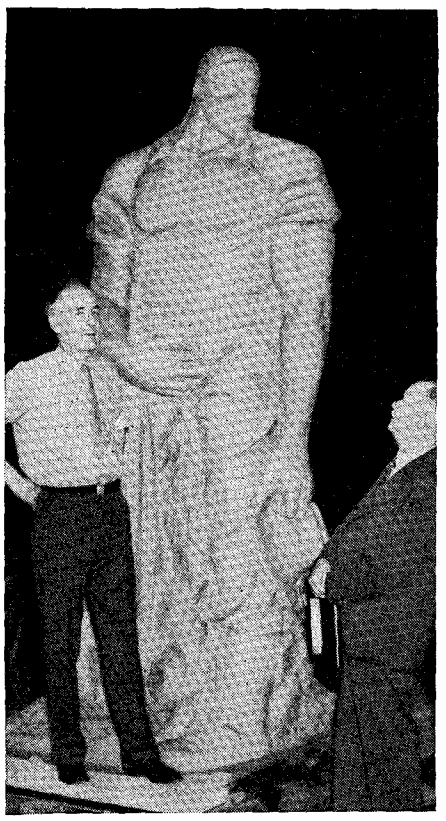
Port Chester Memorial Joins Controversial Statuary Parade

Figuratively plumb in the center of the world's wealthiest and most arty suburban center, Port Chester, New York, always had worked while her wealthy neighbors devoted themselves to the more esthetic things of life. But last week this incorporated manufacturing village of 23,000, without an art gallery to its name, proved to be a waiting Vesuvius. When it exploded, the hot lava of art discussion flowed down on barber-shops, meat-markets, factories and homes.

The mayor and the town's six trustees took refuge in the safety of a cliché: "We don't know anything about art. But we know what we like."

Port Chester became art conscious because of the sinking of the United States battle-ship *Maine,* thirty-eight years ago. Among the victims of the tragedy that precipitated the Spanish War was young Newell Rising, a Port Chester boy, whose body never was recovered. It was a monument being sculptured in his honor that opened up the most recent of art battles.

Early this year, members of the Newell



Courtesy Port Chester *Daily Item*

Veterans liked, and didn't like, Port Chester's conception of war and stomach-ache

Rising Post of Port Chester Spanish War veterans prevailed upon Mayor Banister and the town's trustees to avail themselves of WPA funds to erect a suitable statue to replace the five-foot stone pyramid which long has stood in Rising's memory. The governing body agreed, and the work got under way.

Local Sculptor—Last April, William B. Owen, State Supervisor of WPA art projects, announced that the sculptor would be selected on the basis of competition among local WPA sculptors. Only two sculptors were found who could carry out the job, and one of them discovered his time would be so completely taken up with previous commissions that he could not enter the competition. So Karl Pavany-Illava got the job.

Illava's background marked him as ideal for the task. His interests are local. He lives in Port Chester and teaches sculpture in its environs. Born in New York the year the *Maine* blew up, his parents—the father a musician, the mother a painter—encouraged his wooing of the muse. His first serious study was under Gutzon Borglum (currently concerned with the Rushmore Historical Memorial being carved from the mountainous rocks of South Dakota).

After serving in the World War, Illava continued his studies under Borglum, then had his first public exhibition. Before its opening at Gorham's, Fifth Avenue, New York, jewelry store, the young sculptor found himself as jittery as any actor waiting to go on the boards. He took a determined look at his creation, "Daniel in the Lion's Den," then, dissatisfied with *Daniel,* he smashed the figure to bits. He showed only a portion of the composition; it received favorable comments.

War memorials had interested Illava before his working for the WPA project. He completed commissions for four, including one commemorating New York's Seventh Regiment, fronting Fifth Avenue, New York, from Central Park at Sixty-sixth Street.

So when last spring Illava started work on what was to become Port Chester's *cause célèbre,* his first sketches were highly approved. A thirty-six-inch model of his planned statue was passed on by Salvatore Aucello, County WPA supervisor, and heartily approved by the Spanish War veterans.

Unofficial Call—It looked as if there would be no hitch in the program when Illava, sketches and model under his arm, buried himself in a deserted car-barn and set to work on the next step—an eleven-foot clay model from which the final figure would be cast. It was completed last month.

Again Aucello approved the work and invited Mayor W. Burdell Banister and the town's six trustees to join him in making a final inspection. But without waiting for the trustees, Mayor Banister made an unofficial visit.

He received a distinct shock. To the press he shouted his displeasure: "It has a negroid expression and a communistic attitude." He feared it would "have a bad effect on our children."

Leaning against a wall in the car-barn, the clay model stands on feet spread wide apart. One massive arm holds a gun at rest; the hand presses against the figure's abdomen. Great breadth of shoulders and cable-like arms give the heroic-sized veteran an undeniable strength, expressing the power and intensity, as well as the weariness, futility and resignation Illava wanted to put across.

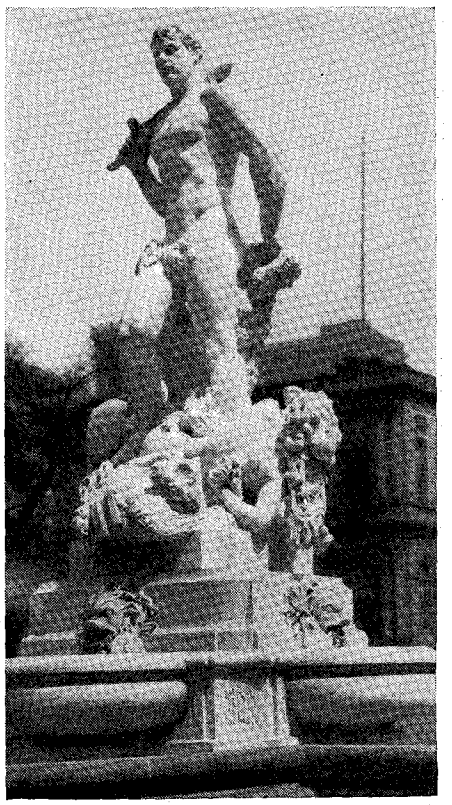
Artistic Cleavage—Those of Port Chester's citizens who have seen the clay model are sharply divided as to its artistic value. Some uphold Illava's attempt to resent war as realistically cruel; others lean toward the accepted, conventional Angel-of-Peace motif and consider the work revolting. A loquacious deadlock ensued, in which the entire town voiced its opinions.

Last week's monthly meeting settled the question with the feuding parties lined up in unique order. WPA officials objected to the statue, chiefly to the lower portion of it; the Spanish War veterans had only mild objections to the top portion; the Mayor and the majority of his board objected to the entire figure.

Mr. Owen, speaking for the WPA, admitted his disapproval and remarked that, in view of WPA's attitude, they would be "on the spot" if Port Chester officially accepted the statue.

Port Chester graciously spared WPA that embarrassment.

Other Feuds—Port Chester still is writhing under the controversy which is reminiscent of many such art feuds here and abroad. In 1908, Jacob Epstein did a façade for the British Medical Association Building in London and received sharp criticism that created an international discussion. In fact, almost everything Epstein has touched has caused adverse comment, and his "Statue



Underwood

"Civic Virtue" weathered its storm; New Yorkers howled "Degrading!" in vain

of Christ" (1935) even was declared blasphemous because of its thick lips, flat nose and general suggestion of an Easter Island monolith.

In New York, shortly after "Civic Virtue" was erected, various women's groups declared the statue by Frederick MacMonnies was degrading to women because it portrayed a man thrusting down with his feet two female forms. The storm drew into its center Mayor Hylan and other leading politicians.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Perhaps the most famous of recent American controversies centered about the mural for the RCA Building in New York City in 1933. The partially finished work of Diego Rivera, Mexican mural painter, was called to a halt because he had featured Lenin and shown John D. Rockefeller in an unfavorable light. The mural had to be chipped out of the wall by workmen, working at night. Rivera collected the $21,000 agreed upon as his commission price.

NEW BOOKS: Sturdy Viking Love; Texas Train-Robber's Saga; Blood-and-Thunder Melodrama

Gunnar's Daughter. By Sigrid Undset; 274 pp. (New York: Alfred A. Knopf; $2.)

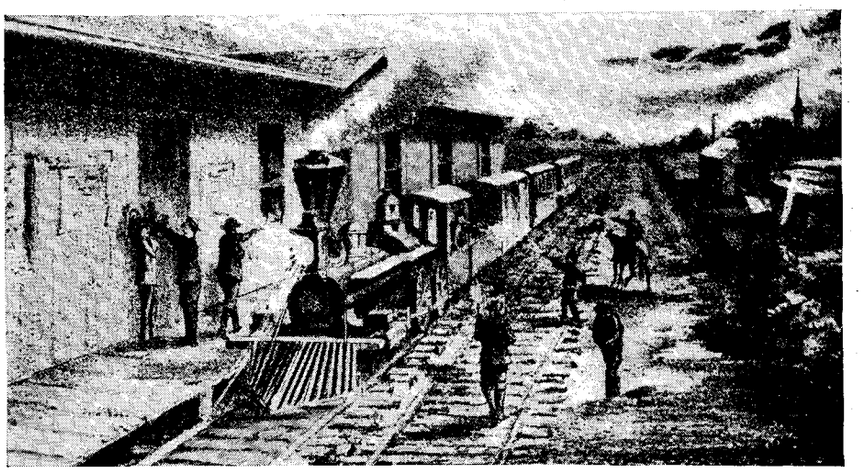
It is the custom to view Madame Undset's writing as conforming to a tradition. The unwary are likely to confuse her writing with the Scandinavian school of writing known as "placid," which is another way of saying that it is not far from being dull.

The Undset books patently are the work of a daughter of the Vikings. But the story of how *Ljot,* the Icelander, came to Norway to acquire timber, only to get himself tangled up in a love affair with *Vigdis,* is no stiffly formal restaging of a historic past. *Ljot,* in these pages, comes alive, and in his pig-headed folly contrives to be more human than heroic.

As is most often the case in real life, this Icelander and his Homeric girl find their just share of tragedy. *Ljot* tried to win the hand of *Vigdis.* Failing, he took the caveman's way of satisfying his desires. He married another girl and tried to settle down. But in his veins boiled a craving for action. When his wife died, he was off again, seeking *Vigdis* and the life he should have had with her.

Vigdis had not married, but had bided her time, rearing her child and dreaming of paying off the unruly young god who had crossed her path and ruthlessly upset her life. *Ljot,* of course, found her; and Sigrid Undset's realization that heroes and their womenkind are subject to all the mean feelings and transient ecstasies experienced by more common clay prevents the book from turning into a "When Knighthood Was in Flower."

Sigrid Undset: makes the Vikings live again in her saga, "Gunnar's Daughter"



Train-robbers blaze away and the train-crew shoots back: the Mesquite robbery

The creatures the author introduces in her pages are bone and flesh, rising above the settings she has dusted off. *Ljot,* in his day, slew men and wandered; in our day, he would be telling off a traffic cop, viewing with alarm the state of the nation, or challenging Kaye Don to an automobile-race.

Critical Opinions—WASHINGTON POST: "*During the last eighty years, we have imported from Scandinavia many works of high literary merit, but none finer than this simple, poetic and thrillingly human tale.*"

CHICAGO DAILY TRIBUNE: "'*Gunnar's Daughter,' in comparison with Sigrid Undset's other medieval romances, is like the models the great furniture designers made in comparison with their works of art. Like those exquisite models which are cherished as collectors' items, 'Gunnar's Daughter' is the more exquisite a work of art for its very scaled-down size.*"

* * *

Sam Bass. By Wayne Gard; 262 pp. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company; $2.50.)

Sam Bass, train-robber, stage-coach stick-up, cattle-rustler and horse-racer, got himself shot up at twenty-seven. Straightway, he passed into song and story; they still sing of him in the Lone Star State, assuring those who listen that "a kinder-hearted fellow you'll seldom ever see."

He was a drunkard and a gyp. But it was remembered after he had been betrayed by a pal named Murphy that Sam, in his day, had plunked down a $20 gold piece on the bars of Denton and San Antonio and asked the boys to step up and name their poison. In the building of his legend, he became more sinned against than sinning; he was one of nature's noblemen who had fallen in with evil companions. If he robbed a Union Pacific express-train, it was only because he wanted to satisfy a natural generosity toward widows and orphans.

Around Denton, it came to pass that folks heard Sam's ghostly horse galloping on his wicked errands after nightfall. Hidden treasure tales sprang up, for all that Sam's effort to go straight and do some honest mining proved short-lived.

Sam had cast in his lot with Joel Collins, one of the bad eggs of the old shooting-iron days. It was as a member of Joel's gang that Sam got his stake, robbing the Union Pacific. The gang had to split up as the chase got too hot. Back in Texas, Sam terrorized the railroads until the Rangers "came and got him." They buried him at Round Rock, where souvenir-hunters already have chipped away two tombstones that have marked his grave.

Mr. Gard has not attempted to make Sam Bass into a New World *Robin Hood.* He has written a biography of a desperado rather than of a hero. If his readers cherish a sneaking admiration for the dead outlaw, they may charge it up to childhood reading of wild westerns.

Critical Opinions—PHILADELPHIA RECORD: "*The place of Sam Bass in American folk-lore seems established . . . a swell tale.*"

DALLAS MORNING NEWS: "*The writing of such a book about such a man is a rare achievement. The fashion is to romanticize about Western bad men and about Western subjects in general, but this author has stuck to ascertainable facts with commendable reserve, and told a better story than the romancers.*"

BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT: "*It is greatly to Mr. Gard's credit that he has omitted all stories that lacked verification. . . . As the book now reads, it is at once a history, biography and evaluation, and forms a fitting study of a wild life.*"

* * *

Strange Houses. By Cora Jarrett; 369 pp. (New York: Farrar and Rinehart; $2.50.)

Mrs. Jarrett caught the critics napping a few years ago when she wrote "Night Over Fitch's Pond." For all its excellent craftsmanship, they suspected it was straight blood-and-thunder mystery. And they were afraid of it. They are bound to miss a trick again, if they pass by "Strange Houses."

Mrs. Jarrett propounds a pretty problem thus: A rascal of a physician, dabbling in thought-transference, concocts a strange and potent powder. He administers it to *Dolly Malone,* chorus-girl, and *Miriam Breen,* middle-aged wife of multimillionaire *Rodney Breen.* The result, which makes a swell story, is three times disastrous.

It caused the experimenting physician to die of a heart-attack; it caused the mind and the soul of *Miriam Breen* to enter the doll-like body of *Dolly Malone;* and it

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

caused the mind (and whatever soul existed) in the chorus-girl to enter the fading body of *Mrs. Breen.*

Rodney Breen, with his millions, rushed to consult *Dr. Clifford Melancthon Rearfield,* psychiatrist. He was convinced that the body of *Dolly Malone* was speaking with the thoughts behind her voice of his *Miriam.* But how in the world could he convince others that he was not trying to palm off a young and pretty wife on them in lieu of a devoted, but graying, mate of long-standing? He didn't dare let his own children gaze upon their transfigured mother.

With his millions, *Rodney Breen* was used to saying "It shall be done"; lo! it was done. But the situation had him stumped for many a merry page. To make matters worse, the wicked little mind (and soul) of *Dolly Malone,* residing in the body of *Miriam Breen,* fastened upon a disturbing outlet for its energies. If it had swapped its temple of beauty for one rheumatic and wrinkled, it might as well enjoy the compensations of spending the *Breen* millions. This it proceeded to do.

Rodney Breen, by this time, was frantic. In his anxiety to invent a will which would do justice to his wife without enriching the *Dolly Malone-Miriam* combination, he broke a collar-bone.

Perhaps it is better not to pursue the burden of the tale further. How the mischief was in a way undone, and how *Rodney Breen* was softened and given a late promise of romance, are matters between Mrs. Jarrett and her readers.

The tale has been compared to Balzac's psychological fantasia, "La Peau de Chagrin," but it requires no such illustrious support to stand on its own feet. For the talent which made "Night Over Fitch's Pond" and "The Ginkgo Tree" good writing is here in print again.

Critical Opinions—RALEIGH NEWS & OBSERVER: *"A neatly written novel, subtle and imaginative, of the riddle of personalities. Cora Jarrett is the strangest of writers to come into the field since Pirandello and Julian Green."*

CHICAGO JOURNAL OF COMMERCE: *"There may be more fanciful and exciting stories than this one, but outside of Edgar Allen Poe's 'The Fall of the House of Usher,' I don't know what they are."*

Best Sellers
Week Ending August 2

Fiction

Gone With the Wind. By Margaret Mitchell. (Macmillan, $3.)
The Doctor. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.)
Eyeless in Gaza. By Aldous Huxley. (Harper and Brothers, $2.50.)
Sanfelice. By Vincent Sheean. (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50.)
Sparkenbroke. By Charles Morgan. (Macmillan, $2.75.)

Non-Fiction

Around the World in Eleven Years. By Patience, Richard and John Abbe. (Stokes, $2.)
Wake Up and Live! By Dorothea Brande. (Simon & Schuster, $1.75.)
The Way of a Transgressor. By Negley Farson. (Harcourt, Brace, $3.)
Inside Europe. By John Gunther. (Harper, $3.50.)
Listen for a Lonesome Drum. By Carl Carmer. (Farrar & Rinehart, $3.)

Education

"CASTOR-OIL" IN COLLEGE CURRICULA

Compulsion Makes Studies "Table d'Hôte," Not "à la Carte"

Wide World

Dr. Robert Maynard Hutchins: he chucked Chicago's educational straight-jacket

Are young Americans the victims of lock-step education, forced to swallow unneeded courses like so much castor-oil?

To an uncomfortably squirming group of adults attending the recent Conference on Vocational Guidance at North Carolina State College, Charles Eugene McIntosh, Director of the National Youth Administration in North Carolina, posed a question that echoed throughout the nation.

Speaking not as an officer of the NYA, but as a man who has been a country schoolmaster, school superintendent, worker in the State Department of Public Instruction, Assistant Dean of the School of Education at the University of North Carolina, and educational director of three government agencies, Mr. McIntosh lashed out at a system that had tricked him into taking two years of German in lieu of another two-year course which he wanted and needed. What he specifically wanted to know was whether schools in their development had kept pace with the disjointed times.

Back in 1640, a young man entering Harvard expected, as a matter of course, that his entire curriculum would be laid out for him. Latin, Greek, Hebrew, rhetoric, a little arithmetic, geography, physics, history in winter and botany in summer. Education was strictly *table d'hôte,* not *à la carte.*

Castor-Oil—To-day, even the most liberal American colleges insist on their students taking certain courses which are regarded as "knowledge no educated man should be without."

After downing the "castor-oil," the student has an opportunity to concentrate on one field, his major, and to take such other courses as are deemed "supplementary" to that elective major.

What these so-called liberal institutions are attempting is at best only a compromise between freedom and restriction. But compromise was not enough for Dr. Robert Maynard Hutchins, young and aggressive President of the University of Chicago. Breaking completely away from established tradition in 1931, Doctor Hutchins chucked the rule requiring students to attend classes, gave them no formal grades or "exams," let them progress as rapidly as their intelligence would permit.

When the student felt ready, he took a comprehensive "exam." If he passed, he moved from the College to a Division (of which Chicago has four Humanities, Social Sciences, Physical Sciences and Biological Sciences).

But the liberal college is the exception, not the rule.

"Our ordinary academic system is planned to meet the needs of that hypothetical individual . . . the average student," once snapped Frank Aydelotte, President of Swarthmore.

"It does not pay him the compliment that his ability is very great, or that he has any consuming interest in his studies. Its purpose is to make sure that he does a certain amount of carefully specified routine work."

From his own experience, Charles McIntosh could illustrate the truth of that statement.

Rural Teacher—As a country schoolmaster, he had charge of fifty children, all from cotton-mill and farm homes. "Not a child," he says, "who attended that school ever, so far as is known, went on to a higher school, or ever sought to go outside the immediate community to take up an occupation. We talked of DeSoto, counted the bones of the body, studied about bank discount and located the Fiji Islands, but we never mentioned things near home, nor did we say a word about personal hygiene, public health or the County and State Governments under which all of us lived. We were following out an established course of study. No one knew precisely what it was intended to accomplish."

Giving high-school instruction, Mr. McIntosh met a young girl who refused to take the required course in beginners' Latin. She didn't want to go to college, she explained; merely wanted a good work-a-day education. But Latin was required; there could be no satisfactory compromise, so the girl left school. "Was the girl wrong, or was the requirement wrong?"

"Is study supposed to aid the self-realization of the student, or only to gratify professorial appetite?" he asks. "Is any subject or curriculum so sacred that it must be preserved, even at the price of leaving young people idle and useless? Can we hope to perpetuate civilization by constantly talking of things far away in time or in space, and by ignoring those more vital things which affect our every-day lives?"

Then, while his hearers twitched, Mr. McIntosh fired the final bolt: "How can educators argue against other forms of autocracy and still claim the right to kill and make alive in their own fields?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHEVROLET OWNERSHIP

...A state of complete motoring satisfaction!

CHEVROLET
FOR ECONOMICAL TRANSPORTATION

There is a *new state* in America today. It's the state of *complete motoring satisfaction.* And almost a million owners of 1936 Chevrolet cars will tell you that Chevrolet created it!

It's a very pleasant state to be in, because these owners of *the only complete low-priced car* enjoy many motoring advantages which are reserved for them alone.

Chevrolet promised them that this would be true, on the day the 1936 Chevrolet was introduced. They believed —and bought Chevrolets. And now they are telling friend after friend that Chevrolet is the outstanding value in the low-price field.

Of course, you know why Chevrolet owners are getting so much extra pleasure and so much extra satisfaction out of their motor car investments.

It's because Chevrolet is, in reality, *the only complete low-priced car* . . . because it alone brings to its owners the comfort, safety and performance advantages of New Perfected Hydraulic Brakes, Solid Steel one-piece Turret Top, Knee-Action Gliding Ride*, Genuine Fisher No Draft Ventilation, High-Compression Valve-in-Head Engine, and Shockproof Steering* . . . all at Chevrolet's low prices and with Chevrolet's low operating costs.

Chevrolet cordially invites *you* to enter this state of complete motoring satisfaction this summer by placing your order for a 1936 Chevrolet.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

GENERAL MOTORS INSTALLMENT PLAN—MONTHLY PAYMENTS TO SUIT YOUR PURSE. *Available in Master De Luxe models only. Knee-Action, $20 additional.*

It's a pleasure to own
The only complete low-priced car

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FORTUNE-TELLING'S ENLARGED SCOPE

New League Hopes to Win Astrology as Seers Organize

Discovering latent mystic powers beneath her crop of thick, black hair, Helena A. Perota, thirty-five, New York City public-school teacher, quit her desk and books three years ago, took to fortune-telling for a livelihood.

As *Gipsy Lee*, she festooned her swarthy figure with the trappings of Romany, broke a path for herself; but soon fell to brooding over the sad lot of her new disorganized profession.

Last month she pitched her tent aboard the steamers of the Hudson River Day Line and in her spare time mapped out a plan of action.

A fortnight ago she called together twenty-one leading New York seers and seeresses, formed the National Association of Fortune Tellers, America's first.

Last week Miss Perota, as President, summoned from her floating headquarters the nation's fortune-tellers to a convention to be held in Trenton, New Jersey, during the State Fair beginning on September 27.

No Crystals—At this convention the Association hopes to win over its time-honored rivals, the astrologers (men) and astrologists (women). Depending on the stars for their predictions, devotees of astrology loathe to be classed with crystal-gazers, card-readers, palmists, tea-leaf readers and other psychic varieties of fortune-tellers.

Whereas astrology dates back to the nomadic shepherds of prehistoric times, plain fortune-telling originated in China. There, last week, the police at Canton ordered all fortune-tellers, oracle-readers and "wind-and-water" soothsayers to cease practise. Charge: encouraging superstition.

Spread through Europe and America by Gipsies and adventurers, the profession grew from old-fashioned palm-reading to the modern-day tea-room chats. Currently there are 100,000 fortune-tellers in the country. Still regarded generally as glib hocus-pocus artists, many of them endure a status little removed from that of horse-thieves

Chance Takers — In three-fourths of the States they have no legal status at all. Denied a right to a license, they can be arrested and fined at any time for collecting fees. To circumvent this, they have resorted in many cases to merchandising subterfuges; or have taken their chances outright with the police, as most of them do.

In New York City, where 2,000 fellow soothsayers practise the ancient art, an old statute even designates professional members as disorderly persons, along with circus-performers, theatrical people and wife-deserters. In 1915 the law was strengthened against them.

Gipsy Lee herself has to give her service as part of the excursion fare, tho she can take tips. The new association, she hopes, will help both fortune-tellers and the public. It has drawn up a petition asking Gov. Herbert H. Lehman to legalize the profession; gone on record against dishonesty and fraud, decided that rates should be varied and based on skill and reputation.

Semiexact Science—A more compact, but none the less generally disorganized lot, the practitioners of astrology number 10,000 in the United States. Two of their organizations are the Astrological Association and the American Academy of Astrology.

Authority to practise the semiexact science is given by a number of schools of astrology, but the unsanctioned astral seers outnumber the approved ones. A movement to obtain licenses has gained momentum sporadically, with chief activity in California.

Abandoning the old-time tall, star-spangled pointed hats and long robes, the modern astrologist or astrolger goes in for trim business dress, prefers modern offices, high in city sky-scrapers. There they are surrounded by secretaries, mathematicians and researchers who pore over complex charts and graphs.

In this class, the premier astrologist of the world was the late Evangeline Adams. Born in Jersey City in 1868, she exhibited occult powers in childhood, took up astrology at nineteen.

Coming to New York from Boston in 1899, her first client was the proprietor of the Hotel Windsor, on Fifth Avenue. In his horoscope she saw disaster rushing in upon him.

A few moments later the hotel burst into flames. The proprietor told newspaper reporters. Next day Miss Adams woke up to find herself a national figure.

Celebrities flocked to her door. Stockbrokers and financiers, including J. P. Morgan, asked her advice. In 1919, a Boston astrologer named G. E. Jordan, Jr., joined her. Together, they predicted the stock-market crash of 1929, the attempt upon President Roosevelt's life in Miami in 1932, foresaw in 1942-'45 civil war in the United States. On the air, they got 35,000 letters a day, had a million clients.

In 1923 Jordan married Miss Adams, predicted within twenty-two minutes her death in November, 1932. To-day, he carries on her practise, has 165,000 clients.

Master's Pupil—Best-known astrologist to-day is Belle Bart. Graduate of the Columbia University Law School, Miss Bart drove an ambulance in France during the War. Back home, she got her start in astrology from Evangeline Adams, who read her horoscope, recognized her ability and taught her the rudiments.

Forty-four, short, vibrant, with a boyish bob, Miss Bart lost three million-dollar fortunes, started from scratch again last September.

From her eagle-nest New York office in a Rockefeller Center sky-scraper, she has built up a new practise which runs into six figures; directs a battalion of expert assistants, gets a top $250 for a personal interview, from $1,000 to $10,000 for horoscoping a corporation, sends out thousands of readings for $1 apiece.

In addition, she collects 20 per cent. of clients' stock-market winnings, maintains branch offices in Paris and Johannesburg, South Africa, edits an astrological magazine with 75,000 circulation, and heads the American Academy of Astrology, which educates young students by correspondence.

Tea-Shop Queen—The nearest woman rival to her in this variegated art of soothsaying is Miss Marie Costello, queen of the gipsy tea-shops. A Kansas City woman, she raised funds for soldiers during the War by reading tea-leaves at benefits, opened her first tea-shop in her own home after hostilities.

From this grew a million-dollar enterprise, which has twenty-three shops throughout the country. Greatest pay-dirt city is New York, where girl readers collect tips as high as $10. Tea-leaf readings must be given as part of menu to avoid breaking law. Men are some of the best customers. The idea has spread in every direction, with plenty of competition for the pioneer organization.

Interest in general fortune-telling and the more scientific phases of it got a robust boost from the depression. Thousands who had lost their fortunes, fell into interminable difficulties as a result, sought out the little booths, tents and dens of the seer. It has gone unabated with the return of better times.

From other sources evidence piled up showing the widening interest in fortune-telling. Newspaper syndicate services reported increased popularity of horoscope features. Five hundred papers take them. One appears in 150 papers. Rural districts

Acme

Helena A. Perota: the nation's organizer of fortune-tellers wants dignity and standing for her profession

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and small cities provide most of the fans. Heaviest interest is in the Midwest, least in the South.

Hundreds of letters asking advice are received. Questions most asked concern love and money, with love slightly in the lead.

Whether it's syndicated horoscopes, tea-leaves, crystals, cards or palmistry, President Perota of the National Association of Fortunte Tellers believes the profession faces a definite organized future.

Looking into that future, she finds it looks bright for all who practise it.

DEBTORS' TRIALS: Specter of Medieval Prisons Arises to Plague Legal Minds

Heritage of England's famed severe common law, America's dread "debtor prisons" were clanged shut a century ago.

Thereafter, the judiciary books got new or revised statutes which endlessly pitted debtor against creditor in the open.

Into this unfinished fight, waxing more complex by the year, the specter of these loathsome medieval-like prisons last week rose to haunt legal minds.

Fearing an attempt to revive the erstwhile inhuman custom, a New York court handed down a ruling which aroused national interest.

Outgrowth of the old era, certain of the United States in legal parlance either are "creditor" or "debtor" States.

Massachusetts, for example, is a "creditor" State. There, the law leans to the creditor's cause. Out to collect a debt, he can obtain an attachment before his suit for judgment goes to trial.

New York was for years a "debtor" State. Loopholes aplenty gave the money-ower opportunity to escape or delay payment.

Chief loophole was the perjury law. Doubtfully applicable against legally adjudged debtors who seek to conceal assets, the severity of its penalties generally precluded the possibility of conviction.

Teeth Put In—Last year, New York endeavored to remedy this. Clamping the regular perjury provisions down hard on creditor-debtor proceedings, it further implemented them by permitting Supreme Court Justices to hold in contempt debtors or witnesses who willfully testified falsely.

Hence, falsifiers faced imprisonment or fine as a penalty by summary court action.

The revised law swept aside 100 years of cobwebbed legislation, won immediate popularity among judges. In New York City alone, 75 per cent. of their judgments had gone uncollected. At last the creditor got a break.

Last week, Supreme Court Justice Charles B. McLaughlin, in New York City, declined to apply it against two important debtors.

One of them, a formerly wealthy seventy-year-old woman, Mrs. Minnie T. Brown, had a $2,433.50 judgment against her by a former employee; the other was the head of a lumber company, Frederick J. Bruce, against whom there was a $30,601.11 judgment for personal loans.

Justice McLaughlin found that while both debtors had contradicted themselves, neither had willfully testified falsely. Regardless, he opined that the law deprived the debtors of the right to jury trial for perjury, moreover that no jury, grand or petit, would act against the defendants.

Debtors' prison in England: his family wails at "The Rake's Progress," from Hogarth's painting

"If the effect desired by the judgment creditor is given to this section [of the law]," he explained, "we shall have retraced our steps of a century, and once more we shall recognize the inhuman doctrine of imprisonment for debt."

Maximum Severity—Abolished in 1831, New York State's debtor laws reaped the maximum of their severity in 1829. In that year 10,000 persons languished in the forbidding lock-ups. Massachusetts had 3,000; Maryland, 3,000; Pennsylvania, 7,000.

For debt of less than $1 thirty-two debtors paced the dank cells of Philadelphia's prison; in the State at large 595 served time for debts of between $1 and $1.50. The proportion of debtors among all prisoners was five to one.

Importation of Colonial days, the debtor laws underwent a slow revision. In 1789 a New York debtor could escape prison provided he owed no more than £200, or could win prison release provided he had served a year and owed less than £1,000.

By 1813 the debtor owing no more than $500 could apply for release after three months in prison. Five years later the amended law extended liberties. In 1831 the eminent New York lawyer, Silas M. Stilwell, introduced the bill entirely abolishing the debtor prisons.

Altho New York's action aroused international interest, Kentucky in 1792 actually was the first to end the brutal practise. Alabama followed in 1819. Maine's law came in 1831.

England waited till 1869 to wipe out its debtor prisons, notorious in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. During feudal times a debtor escaped imprisonment because this was inconsistent with his warlike duties.

As trade and industry rose in importance, the Kingdom, in 1282, under the Statute of Merchants, permitted creditors to send defaulting debtors to the Tower.

In the eighteen months subsequent to the commercial panic of 1825, a total of 101,000 writs for debts were issued by the courts; in 1830 alone, 7,114 debtors trooped to London's fog-swept prisons.

Wee Heroine—Most famous of these institutions was gray Marshalsea, made immortal by Charles Dickens's *Little Dorrit*. Born in this gloomy pile of stone, where her father had been imprisoned for twenty-five years, this tiny heroine was made the center of a bitter exposé of England's debtor prisons.

As he disclosed, they were at once a weapon of the malicious, the vindictive, the unscrupulous and a source of official corruption. The poor were confined not because they owed, but because they could give no bail. Fear of jail coerced many to reveal their assets.

The campaign for reform met with stubborn opposition. Opponents, among them eminent barristers, argued that the prosperity of the nation was at stake.

With a deep sense of both history and the intricacies of law entangling the relations of creditor and debtor, the Judical Council of the State of New York two years ago began drafting the revised sections of the Civil Practice Act which Justice McLaughlin opposed.

Biggest Work—An all-embracing body, it had been named by the Legislature to recommend to it reforms in court procedure and administration. The creditor-debtor provisions were its first big work.

Last week, Leonard S. Saxe, Executive Secretary, pointed out that the Supreme Court decision in no way affected the constitutionality of those provisions. He said the view that revised law threatened a revival of the old debtor prisons was incorrect, inasmuch as it merely provided penalty for debtors, not as such, but as wilful falsifiers in judgment actions.

MARRIAGE MART: Agencies Find Perfect Mate for Lonely Hearts; Industry Thrives

Marriage-brokers are taking a breathing-spell, these days, from the rush of ceremonies that hit a peak in June and have been tapering off into the summer months. As they counted up returns, they estimated last week that more than a million love-starved women by the end of the year will have sought through their services the perfect man.

Operating quietly, with only an occasional outburst from a defrauded customer, the industry (an industry that foresees a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOT FOR BLUE NOSES

TRIPOLEY

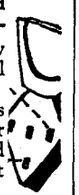
America's New Game-Craze!

"There ought to be a law against TRIPOLEY," sniffs Mrs. Highgrass. "Instead of going to bed like decent folks . . . old people and young people everywhere are staying up late and roaring over TRIPOLEY! It's four times as bad as Poker, Hearts, Rummy and Michigan . . . because it's all four of them and more besides!" 4 to 9 backsliders can play. $1.00.

WHAT'S ALL THE SHOOTING FOR

ROBOTBALL and ROBOTENNIS - - -

Two exciting new games in one with a real ball-batting Robot! Play baseball or tennis with the Robot for speed, excitement and exercise indoors or out $1.00



To Order clip your Check to this Ad. At your dealers or postpaid from CADACO, LTD. Dept. D1

SAN LEANDRO CALIFORNIA

8 S. DEARBORN CHICAGO • 200 5TH AVE. NEW YORK

WHY DON'T YOU WRITE?

Writing short stories, articles on business, hobbies, travels, sports, etc., will enable you to earn extra money. In your own home, on your own time, the New York Copy-Desk Method teaches you how to write—the way newspaper men learn, by writing. We have prepared a unique "Writing Aptitude Test" which tells whether you possess the fundamental qualities essential to successful writing. You'll enjoy this test. Write for it, without cost or obligation.

NEWSPAPER INSTITUTE OF AMERICA

Suite 535-H, One Park Avenue New York, N. Y.

BECOME AN EXPERT

ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $3,000 to $15,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 14,000 Certified Public Accountants in the U. S. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of C. P. A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays."

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 852-H, Chicago

The School That Has Trained Over 1,350 C. P. A.'s

Who's Right?

Important opinions are being expressed for and against inflation, the Constitution, politics, government in business, the Supreme Court, labor, capital, etc.

Know ALL Sides!

Only The Literary Digest gives you ALL sides of important questions *plus* the news of the world.

EVERY Week!

Read The Literary Digest *every* week for information that will enable you to keep well informed and arrive at sound conclusions.

The Literary Digest

354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York

Send me The Literary Digest for 52 weeks and bill me for $4 (Foreign—$5.00; Canada—$4.00).

Name .....

L.D. 8-15-36

Address .....

City ..... State .....

near-billion-dollar year) seldom reveals to the public just how many thousands are eager to use its services. Last week, however, a court-case revealed the potential market.

Friends played a joke on Samuel Frank, Oakland, California, forty-two-year-old War veteran; they sent a letter to Gov. James V. Allred, of Texas, saying that Frank wished to find a Southern girl to marry. The letter was made public, and soon a trickle of answers started.

Then the trickle grew to a flood; an astonished postman found himself carrying large bundles of scented messages to the Frank house. Thirteen thousand eager women wrote; among them schoolteachers ranked highest, nurses next, followed by unemployed spinsters. Ages ranged from 103 years down to an eleven-year-old whose registration was accompanied by her parents' consent.

Brought to Court—Frank's popularity came to public notice when Mrs. Louise Kennedy, one of the many widows who wrote, formally accused him of obtaining $125 on a false promise to marry her. He denied receiving any cash, but failed to laugh his way out of the case: "It's no crime to try to find a wife."

Similar sentiments echo from the million women who are making this year the best since the depression for matrimonial agencies, "lonely heart" clubs and Jewish marriage-brokers.

The occupation of *shadchan*, Jewish marriage-broker, began in the thirteenth century, when it was considered immodest for a young man to do his own courting. In the United States to-day, 140 Jewish brokers still carry on the tradition, catering chiefly to working girls in large cities who are willing to pay approximately $200 for a husband.

In the *shadchan's* eyes, any girl over twenty-two is an old maid; unless she has a dowry her case is hopeless. In flush days, a girl's appearance counted most but since the depression money ranks first with the prospective husband. In descending order come: youth, beauty, education. In these times, say the brokers, a man should be satisfied with two of these factors.

Watchdogs of Marriage—In New York City, no license is required for the operation of a marriage-agency, but police keep a close check on the activities of the dozen now in operation. The largest of these has about 4,000 women registered and slightly fewer men. The charge is from $10 to $25, then comes a form calling for age, occupation, complexion, height, health, habits, religion and income. Each registrant also indicates the type of mate desired.

Most women want tall men with dark, wavy hair and blue eyes. Men's tastes, however, change with the new styles. At the present moment, they regard with favor women of medium height, slender, stream-lined and graceful. Brunettes slightly outrank blondes.

With applications matched as nearly as possible, the next step is the arranging of a meeting at the agency office, the public library or the girl's home. Once the courtship is on and a wedding forthcoming, $100 to $500, according to the size of the dowry, may be painlessly removed from the pockets of the happy couple. Payments are higher this year than in any since 1929. If registrants do not click, however, other meetings must be arranged.

Best customers of the agency are schoolteachers, office-workers and nurses. The manager of the large New York agency claims he never has had a complaint following a wedding; the rigid investigation he makes, he maintains, eliminates such a possibility.

Cheap Ads for Love—The mail-order matrimonial agency is typified by the Lonely Hearts Club, Jacksonville, Florida. For the last fifteen years letters have poured in replying to advertisements placed in pulp magazines by *Evan Moore* (a pseudonym).

Membership in the club costs $2, and upon payment the member receives a list of eligibles, including descriptive material and photographs. Identification is through number only, and the seeker of a mate may write to as many numbers as he wishes, using the club as a clearing-house. In many instances, the letters have resulted in matrimony.

Recently two elderly ministers, retired and living at Penny Farms, Florida, called at the Jacksonville post-office to learn the address of *Evan Moore*. Both explained they had received wives—"the only girl in the world for me"—through the club. They were so pleased they wished to thank their benefactor personally. They went home disappointed, as the post-office refused to reveal *Evan Moore's* name.

In many cities, St. Paul, Kansas City and St. Louis among them, lonesome-clubs take the place of marriage-agencies in drawing together friendless men and women. Los Angeles, with an estimated 80,000 lonely people, has several such clubs in operation. Friendships made in them often result in marriage.

Occasionally, tho, the lonesome-club method of making contacts proves disastrous. Last January, a woman testified in court that two brothers she met at a lonesome-club urged her to enter the clothing business with them. They absconded with $850 she gave them to invest.

In 1935 the Pasadena Better Business Bureau issued a statement warning: "Matrimonial agencies and friendship clubs often are hunting-grounds for swindlers of the worst type." And in recent years, three or four notorious *Bluebeards* have extracted money from women, then put them to death.

In Chicago, State and Federal authorities carried on a clean-up of questionable matrimonial bureaus two years ago, and in over a year no complaint has been received. The Committee of Fifteen, which investigates illegal practises, estimates that more than 100,000 letters concerned with matrimonial business arrive in Chicago annually.

Counter-Attack—Jack Anthony, director of the Marital Relations Institute in New York, last week took a pot-shot at matrimonial agencies. Marriages contracted by them have little chance to succeed, he believes, after having advised hundreds of couples whose marital ship has gone on the rocks subsequent to their launching by a broker or agency.

"Most of these unions have been marriages of convenience," he says, "and as such have little chance for success. There is only one basis for a successful marriage—true love."

Anthony believes that the marriage arranging industry should be stopped.

"The whole thing would be rendered unnecessary," he insists, "if we faced the faults of our social-economic system that prevent young people from mingling freely with each other. What we need are more facilities for getting boys and girls together. Then the need for commercialized friendship and love will be ended."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Off-Side

Change Booth—Police of Spokane, Washington, are looking for the man who went into a café for a hamburger and came out with $75. The proprietor had just cashed a check for another customer and told a waitress to take the money to the man in the front booth. There were two front booths.

* * *

Whale of a Story—The *H. F. Alexander*, Pacific coastwise liner, caught a whale and brought it 150 miles to port without knowing it. The whale was wedged across the bow just below the water-line, the force of the moving ship keeping it there. During docking it fell loose.

* * *

Wrong Patient—Dr. H. M. Heintz of Toledo awakened from a peaceful nap by a police rescue-squad trying to administer artificial respiration, had a hard time convincing them he wasn't the heat prostration victim they had been called to treat.

* * *

Turned Turtle—Gustav Beran of Chicago, about to give a turtle-soup party, put his foot on the neck of Myrtle, his turtle, picked up his pistol, and fired. Instead of hitting Myrtle, he shot his own foot. Myrtle had pulled in her neck.

* * *

Second Shot—A movie-company filming a pseudo-primeval jungle in the wilds of effete California had to retake a whole scene when the "rushes" showed the heroine reclining against a tree marked with the initials "H. C. L."

* * *

Walking Fish—Two paradise fish of Tampa, Florida, transferred to an indoor glass bowl while their back-yard pool was being cleaned, walked out. They were found flopping on the kitchen-floor, headed for the back door.

* * *

Bee Screen—To delay pursuit, burglars who robbed a storehouse in Davis, California, freed a swarm of bees. Bee-handling equipment had to be found before any one could even tell what had been stolen.

* * *

Laziest Darky—George Tipton, Negro, of Tulsa, Oklahoma, accused of stealing a lawn-mower, explained to the judge: "I stumbled over it and I was too lazy to walk around it, so I just pushed it away."

* * *

Dog Gone—A dog who swam into the park lake at Moosejaw, Saskatchewan, to argue with a swan, paid with his life. The swan jumped on his back and held his head under water until he was dead.

* * *

Sweeps Out—An ex-convict suspected of larceny, swept his way out of a Chicago jail by nonchalantly picking up a janitor's broom and using it. Watchmen thought he worked there.

* * *

Dry Ice—CCC boys working in the Superior State Forest, Michigan, found ice in a forty-foot saw-dust pile left from the halcyon days of lumbering, forty to fifty years ago.

* * *

Cat's Back—Charles Pratt of Bryantsville, Mississippi, has a cat which, hit by an auto and buried as dead, met him at the front door on his return that night.

When you're down ...

When castles in Spain
Come crashing down,
There's one way to soften
Fortune's Frown—
Buy Beech-Nut Gum
At stand or store . . .
The flavor makes dreaming
Worthwhile once more!

..pick up with BEECH-NUT GUM

BEECH-NUT PEPPERMINT GUM... is so good it's the most popular flavor of any gum sold in the United States.

BEECHIES...another really fine Peppermint Gum—sealed in candy coating. Like Gum and Candy in one.

BEECH-NUT PEPSIN GUM... candy coating protects a pleasing flavor . . . and, as you probably know, pepsin aids digestion after a hearty meal.

ORALGENE... Its firmer texture gives much needed mouth exercise... and its dehydrated milk of magnesia helps neutralize mouth acidity. Each piece individually wrapped.

BEECH-NUT SPEARMINT... especially for those who like a distinctive flavor. A *Beech-Nut Quality* product.

GET IT RIGHT!

By John B. Opdycke

Not just another handbook of correct English. It is really twenty handbooks in one, and aims to solve authoritatively every problem that the user of written English is likely to encounter. Its twenty chapters treat

Abbreviations
Alphabetizing—Filing —Indexing
Capitalization
Direct-by-Mail Copy
Figures of Speech and Related Terms
Grammar
Italics
Letter Writing— (Two Chapters)
Library Self-Service
Minutes—Reports —Citations
Newspaper Copy
Numerals—Notations
Petitions—Proclamations —Resolutions
Pluralization
Proofreading
Punctuation
Spelling
Telegrams
Word Study

The whole is alphabetically arranged and thoroughly indexed.

Cloth. Illustrated. 700 pages. $3.50; by mail, $3.68
At All Bookstores, or From the Publishers

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Parade

"Nobody in the world has had more fun than I did," said **James Lord Pratt,** seventy-four-year-old village blacksmith of Essex, Connecticut. "I had a pretty good time livin'. But that all comes from within. Why I've had such a damned good time going through life I don't want to go again for fear I won't be so lucky."

Eighth in line on a site where three blacksmith shops have stood in the last 250 years, Pratt still is an active worker with but a single apprentice. He is preparing for his fiftieth wedding anniversary. His hours are from eight to five o'clock daily with an hour off at noon for "a pipin' hot lunch." His shop, a red brick building overgrown with ivy, was built eighty years ago and during the winter months—work or no work—it is the center of spirited political discussion.

When his family first started in the blacksmith business it was to supply farming materials. This changed to ship-building needs after 1812. Then came the boom days of the horse and buggy to be followed by bicycles. Of late he has been doing "old fashioned replica work." This includes the making of wrought-iron latches, H-L hinges, weather-vanes and ornamental iron-work.

His letter-head reads:

PRATT'S VILLAGE SMITHY
James Lord Pratt, proprietor
Successor to
Edwin—1870
Elias—1827
John—1811
Asa—1756
Lieutenant John—1744
John Jr.—1726
John Pratt—1678

"It looks to me as tho things is changin' pretty rapidly" was Pratt's comment on conditions to-day.

* * *

Count and Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow (Barbara Hutton) will return to the United States this month for a visit to the Countess's aunt, **Mrs. Charles E. McCann** at Gloucester, Massachusetts. Two constables and a corps of watchmen will guard the estate during the sojourn.

* * *

Adolph Spreckels, San Francisco heir to the sugar fortune, married his second cousin, **Geraldine Spreckels,** in England.

* * *

In the chapel of the American University of Beirut, Syria, **Margaret Dodge** married **Johnson Garrett,** nephew of **John W. Garrett,** former United States Ambassador to Italy. The new Mrs. Garrett is the daughter of **Dr. Bayard Dodge,** President of the American University in the Syrian city. Her family has donated large sums to the upkeep of the institution.

* * *

Preparing to play Mozart and Glazounof concertos in the Lewisohn Stadium, New York City, **Jascha Heifetz** differed with **Leopold Stokowski** about the value of "swing music."

"It's the same old music," the violinist said. "It's just music with enthusiasm. In other words, nothing new."

Heifetz, however, did admit that he disliked wearing stiff shirts at concerts and preferred tails because "it's not so tight and there's more room." The violinist also denied that he was the ping-pong champion of the West Coast.

"I'm afraid there are an awful lot of players who can beat me."

* * *

At the fifty-third annual convention of the Dancing Masters of America, **Mrs. A. W. Gibson** of Wellington, New Zealand, compared British and American dancers.

"We follow Empire methods and are stereotyped and formal while Americans are relatively free and easy."

To which Mr. Gibson added:

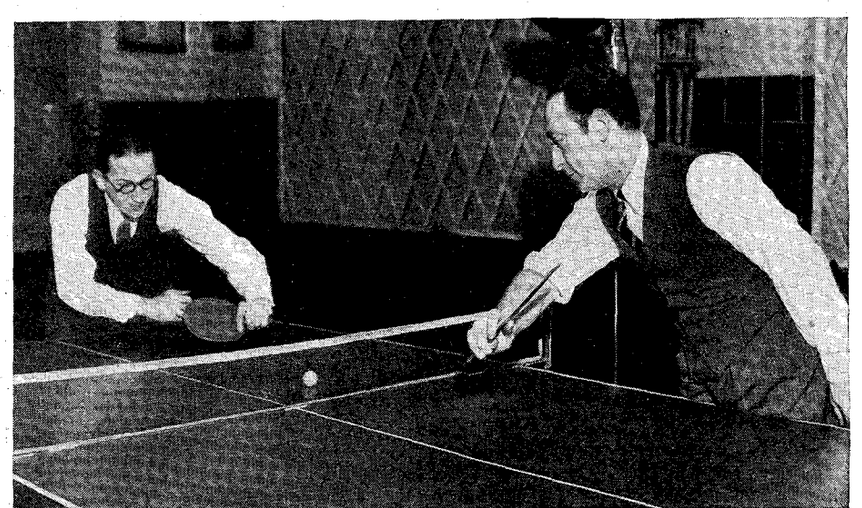
"We stress rhythm, deportment and technique. Americans forget everything but rhythm."

Mrs. Montie Beach of Houston, Texas, President of the Association, declared the fox-trot again would be a favorite this year with the waltz as a runner-up.

* * *

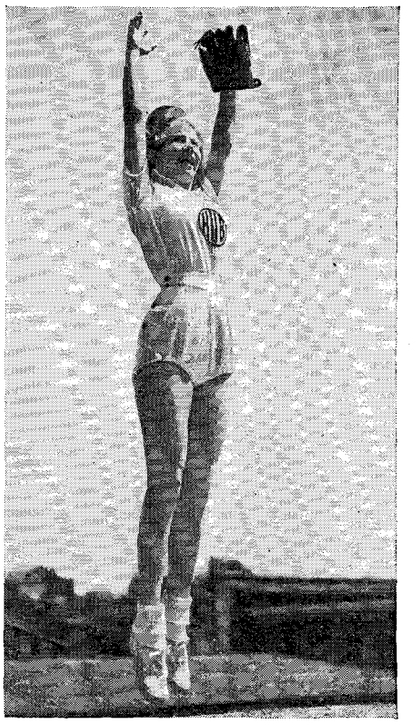
Henry Ford has paid a deposit on the Noah Webster house which, built in 1822, was about to be torn down by the present owner, Yale University. It is expected the building will be removed to Dearborn, Michigan.

On August 26, the Post Office Department will issue a special postage stamp in honor of **Susan B. Anthony** in connection with the sixteenth anniversary of the ratification of the Nineteenth Amendment to the Constitution, granting suffrage to women.



Wide World

Jascha Heifetz: no excitement in "swing music," plenty in a ping-pong game



Pictures, Inc.

Second basewoman: Genevieve Smithers, bats .600 for Tennessee soft-ball team

Thomas A. Dowd, President of Restland Memorial Park, will reproduce "yonder ivy-mantled tower," described by Thomas Gray in his "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," at East Hanover, New Jersey. Dowd returned from England recently where he visited the village of Stoke Poges, site of the original tower. He brought back slips of yew-trees and ivy which grow near there.

* * *

"No, I don't intend to become a film star," said **Genevieve Smithers,** star second basewoman of the Memphis, Tennessee, girl's soft-ball team. "I want to be a professional ball-player."

Five feet-two, blonde and eighteen, she has been playing baseball for four years, and has given up dancing in this time. Her batting average is .600. Playing at night and practising afternoons, however, has its disadvantages according to Miss Smithers. "There's no time to have a date," she said.

* * *

Pooka, a Connecticut tom-cat, returned to New York after a 42,000-mile trip through the African jungles with his owners, **Mr. and Mrs. Armand Denis.** Taken along originally to provide comedy relief and keep up the sense of humor of the expedition, Pooka soon took matters into his own hands by continual differences of opinion with lions, tigers, hyenas and elephants.

Soon discovering that the jungle beasts would run if he growled deeply enough, the cat chased them whenever possible, and preferred jungle food to catnip and unsalted crackers. By the end of the trip Pooka was twice a father, had his left side scarred by a leopard and his right side taped from the swipe of a lion's paw during which he had leapt on to the back of an elephant.

* * *

"Too much money" was the reason **Fred Astaire,** dancing movie-star, gave as his reason for going back to Hollywood in a few months. He also denied that he and his partner **Ginger Rogers** would be separated in future films.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Courts

CRAZY-QUILT DIVORCE-LAW PATTERN

Thirty-Seven Grounds for Decrees in Forty-Seven States

"The biggest little city in the world," Reno, Nevada, which long ago made a major industry of marital misery, raised a municipal eyebrow last week. Marriages, for the second consecutive month, had broken all records; at the same time the divorce business slumped. Marriages, 889; divorces, 279.

But the eyebrow did not remain up long. It is hard to surprize Reno. The little desert city is so accustomed to the unaccustomed, so gaited to the fast tempo maintained by the heart-hurt who enter its borders to forget, that the unusual has become commonplace.

It was no surprize to Reno, altho it may have been to the nation, that its new marriages exceeded its new divorces. That is an old story. Few realize, however, that its marriage-mill always has turned out a greater volume than its divorce-mill. Last year, for instance, there were 6,054 marriages to 3,088 divorces; in 1934, 5,629 to 2,920; in 1933, 4,601 to 2,438; in 1932, 4,519 to 3,162.

Two dollars laid on the counter will buy a marriage-license for any couple who are eligible, and they can get married at once. That is why hundreds pour into Reno from other States that have time restrictions. And Reno's new divorcees, leaping from marriage to marriage, run the figures higher.

Marriage Center—Thus Reno can say that if it is the divorce center of the nation, with thirty or forty times as many divorces per thousand of population as other cities, it also is the "marriage capital," with a rate ranging from three to thirty-five times higher per thousand than other cities can boast. In 1932, Nevada had 76.2 marriages per thousand of population, and 42.89 divorces per thousand. The marriage figures for New York in that year were 8.1 per thousand of population; for California, 7.3; for Florida, 10.

The newcomer seeking legal freedom in Reno usually is a woman; it is more convenient for "Mrs." than for "Mr." to spend the required six weeks there. She finds it a clean, busy place occupying a fertile strip in the desert ten miles from the California border. At her disposal is the fastest divorce-mill in the country, doing an annual business estimated at between $3,000,000 and $4,000,000.

© International

Not miners for gold, but searchers for discarded wedding-rings at Reno, Nevada

The mill got its real start back in 1915 when the six months' residence requirement was reinstated after a three-year lapse. Then, in 1927, it was reduced to three months, and business boomed.

In 1931, Arkansas and Idaho, anxious to grab a share of Reno's rich harvest, reduced their residence terms to three months. Nevada, fighting to keep her own, slashed the term to six weeks.

Reno benefited at once. As the news swept the nation hundreds of harried husbands and wives began packing bags. From March, when the new law went into effect, until the following January, every train crossing the desert brought its quota of divorce-seekers. Checking up at the end of a golden year, Reno found that it had broken all records with 4,745 decrees.

The newcomer hears all about this as she patiently waits for forty-two days to pass till she can get her decree and go home. To while away the time she may visit one of the dude ranches near town, or dance and gamble in one of many places. As a precaution, her lawyer has advised her to arrange with some one who can swear that she has been a resident for six weeks.

She may live simply or expensively, as she chooses. Her divorce may cost as high as $2,000 or as low as $50. The actual hearing will take little time, perhaps part of an afternoon. For an extra fee she can have it held in chambers; this is even quicker. If the case is not contested, the defendant can be represented for a fee of $50. Mental cruelty is the usual charge.

Valid Decree?—But just how good is a Reno decree? It may be considered valid, or it may not, depending upon the State in which counter-action may be brought. But it is good in Nevada, and that is why many couples, virtually exiled from their own States, stay on there. Many a man who hurried out to Reno, hurried back with a decree and remarried has found out:

1. His first wife may quash the decree.
2. His second wife may annul their marriage on the ground that he never was divorced.

Only last week, in New York City, Surrogate James A. Foley ruled that the Reno divorce obtained by the late Frank C. Hart, oil operator, was invalid. He recognized the first Mrs. Hart as the legal widow. The second Mrs. Hart burst into tears.

In a previous case a Boston man obtained a Reno divorce with the consent of his wife. He remarried, had two children, and died. His first wife brought action to be recognized as the legal widow and heir on the ground that her husband never had been a bona-fide resident of Nevada, and that the divorce was fraudulent. Up went the case to the United States Supreme Court, and she won.

An annulment involved a Chicago man who remarried after obtaining a Reno

CONTINENTAL MOTORS
Powerful as the Nation
AMERICA'S STANDARD
Let US SEND YOU this Amazing Type of Portable AIR-CONDITIONER
13 in. high-10 in. wide--7 in. deep-weight 10 lbs.

Hay Fever Sufferers! You Get Wonderful Comfort and Relief from Pollen-Free Air

● Pure, washed, pollen-free air is beneficial and helpful to everyone—but to hay fever victims it is absolutely indispensable. Kleen-Aire helps provide it. Kleen-Aire purifies room atmosphere by drawing the air through a saturated filter and a curtain of water vapor which aids in removing pollen, dust, smoke and soot. That is why Kleen-Aire brings such marked relief to sufferers from hay fever, rose fever and asthma.

Operates from Any Electric Light Socket—Easy to Carry from Room to Room—Light Weight—Attractive

Provides Clean, Humidified Air—Purifies and Washes Air—Deodorizes

Decide now that this fall and winter your family will be protected from the dry room atmosphere which causes colds and kindred ailments. Kleen-Aire adds to room atmosphere the proper amount of moisture necessary for health and comfort. Besides, by washing and neutralizing the air and keeping it in constant circulation, Kleen-Aire removes cooking odors, tobacco smoke, etc. Also, when desired, acts as an electric heater and is wonderful for cold fall nights.

KLEEN-AIRE

LOW IN PRICE—COSTS LITTLE TO OPERATE

The price of Kleen-Aire is only $13.50 east of the Rockies. Tests indicate that it costs about one cent to operate for twelve hours when used as a humidifier and air washer without heater.

WRITE FOR KLEEN-AIRE BOOKLET

This interesting booklet gives you scientific information on the subject of air-conditioning and explains why it is so important, summer and winter, to health and well being. It also tells you all about Kleen-Aire. The booklet is free. Write for it today.

Continental Motors Corporation

12801 East Jefferson Avenue DETROIT, MICH.

CONTINENTAL MOTORS CORP. DEPT. L-8

Without obligation, please send me your booklet on Air-Conditioning and on Kleen-Aire.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

divorce. His second wife had the marriage quashed on the ground that his divorce was illegal.

Foreign Divorces—The question of bona-fide residence has tripped many a person who obtained a foreign decree. For a time Mexican divorces were extremely popular since either or both parties could stay at home and be represented by attorneys, and a decree could be had in a few days. But Mexican divorces have been quashed so often in American courts that the demand for them has sharply decreased.

Massachusetts and New Jersey refuse to recognize divorces obtained elsewhere. South Carolina recognizes none, issues none—only such State. In New York State there is only one ground for divorce—infidelity; other States have a dozen.

In all, there are thirty-seven legal grounds recognized in the United States, ranging from infidelity through neglect, drunkenness and non-support to the all-embracing mental cruelty. Here is a patchwork of laws which, for seventy years, various organizations have been trying to patternize by passing a Federal statute.

In Florida and Vermont suit may be brought on the ground of habitual temper. New Mexico recognizes imcompatibility as a cause of action; in Delaware a wife may bring suit for inability to support. New Hampshire and Tennessee, recognizing the husband's right to decide the place of domicile, will grant him a divorce if his wife refuses to follow him.

"Intolerable indignity" may be cited in some States; others view drunkenness (with certain qualifications) as a cause; in sixteen States a wife may sue for non-support. Connecticut and Vermont will issue a decree seven years after a spouse has disappeared.

Wyoming recognizes twelve grounds for divorce. Incidentally, this State, as few realize, soars far beyond Nevada in the number of divorces per thousand marriages. In 1932, the last year for which the United States Department of Commerce issued figures, Nevada had 563 divorces for each 1,000 marriages, while Wyoming had 770. The actual number of marriages in Wyoming was 777 and there were 598 divorces. Last year the State made divorce even easier by slashing its residence requirement from one year to sixty days.

Remarriage Bans—As varied as the grounds for action recognized by the several States are the restrictions placed upon remarriage. In California a person must wait a year after the interlocutory decree is issued.

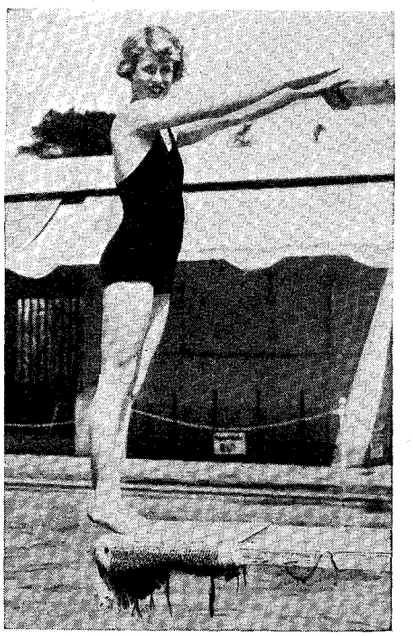
In some other States the term is reduced to three or four months. In Texas a judge may restrain the defendant from remarrying for five years. A Mississippi judge may restrain a defendant from ever remarrying. South Dakota refuses to permit an adulterer to remarry during the ex-spouse's lifetime.

An examination of divorce statistics in the United States shows that the rate climbed almost without a break from 1887 to 1930, when there was a sharp drop. In 1887, 27,919 decrees were granted. From that year on the number climbed steadily until, in 1914, it passed the 100,000 mark. In 1929 it jumped to 201,468. But 1930 showed a drop to 191,591—accepted as another evidence of the depression—and 1931 saw a further decrease to 183,664. Final government figures for 1932 revealed a reduction of more than 23,000. The total was 160,338.

Sport and Sportsmen

MODERN "ATALANTAS" AT XI OLYMPIAD

Ancient Greeks Frowned on Amazons; Modern Girl Athletic



Acme

Marjorie Gestring: at 13, actress, musician and member of American Olympic diving team

A gangling, embarrassed Missouri farm girl stood awkwardly at attention one murky day last week and timidly saluted, American fashion, as 90,000 roaring voices boomed down from the towering tiers of Berlin's mammoth Olympic Stadium.

Self-consciously, she realized the cheers were for her, Helen Stephens, nineteen. They were proclaiming her the winner of the Olympic 100-meter sprint, and acknowledging her as the fastest woman runner in the world.

Few tales in athletic history exceed the spectacular rush to fame of the Fulton, Missouri, farmer's daughter who spiked her way into the head-lines on long, muscular legs which developed their speed chasing rabbits around her father's Callaway County pastures.

A year and a half ago no one, except her coach, Bert Moore, young athletic director at the Fulton High School, knew how fast she really could run. Helen herself didn't know. She knew she had a pretty good sprint, that she could beat all of the girls and most of the boys she raced against in practise.

Hunch Told—And she had a hunch, as she told her mother when she was ten, that some day she was going to run in the Olympic Games.

Moore, who spotted a world beater in the lanky, pig-tailed youngster of three years ago, didn't let her race in real competition until March, 1935, when he entered her in the National A.A.U. meet in St. Louis.

After that, everybody knew about Helen Stephens. Her big rival in the meet was Stella Walsh, the "Polish Flyer," champion of champions, and the greatest woman runner in the world. Helen, a seventeen-year-old kid, beat her by four meters in the fifty-meter dash, breezing home to a new American indoor record of 6.6 seconds.

Moore kept on coaching Helen when she went to William Woods College in Fulton last fall. He brought the bobbed-haired, flat-chested, boyishly-built runner along carefully. To vary the training monotony he let her break records in the standing broad-jump, the discus and the shot-put.

But she didn't race against Stella Walsh, or Walasiewicz as she is known in her native Poland. The great Stella was waiting for the XI Olympiad to show up her youthful American friend. Last week she got her chance.

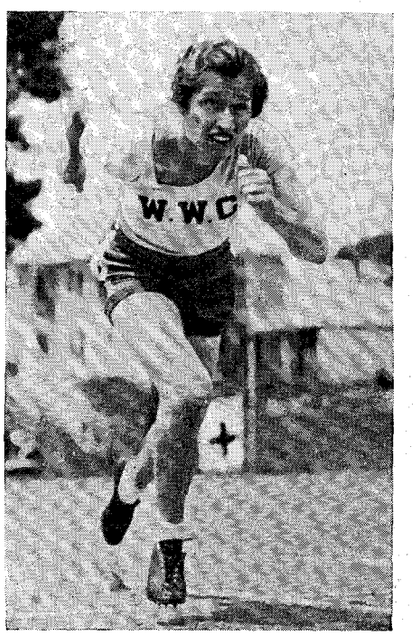
Twenty Years—In her first trial heat, Helen blazed through the 100 meters in 11.4 seconds, shattering Stella Walasiewicz's world record of 11.8. Next day, in the final, she broke the tape two meters ahead of Stella just to prove to everybody she really was the new "fastest woman in the world."

The story of Helen Stephens, who turned over the chores to her kid brother, Robert Lee, to concentrate on her running and jumping and throwing, is symbolic of the amazing improvement in women's athletics during the past twenty years.

Forty years ago, in the first modern Olympiad, Tom Burke won the 100-meter dash for America in twelve seconds, six-tenths of a second slower than Helen's best time last week.

Even in the events requiring plenty of brawn the ladies are fast catching up with the men, in some cases doing as well or better.

Fräulein Gisela Mauermayer, a towering German girl who won the title "best all-around woman athlete in the world" at London two years ago, heaved the discus 156 feet three and three-eighths inches last week. Until 1932, no man ever had reached 156 feet in Olympic competition.

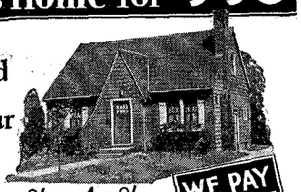


Acme

Helen Stephens: from rabbit-chaser to world's fastest woman runner

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Can You Equal This Home for $995



Shipped Direct from Our Mill

Save 30% to 40% on Your New Home..

WE PAY FREIGHT

Don't pay several hundred dollars more than necessary when you build a home! Buy it direct from our mill at our low factory price. We ship you the materials—lumber cut-to-fit, ready to erect. Paint, glass, hardware, nails, etc., all included in the price—no extra charges. We pay the freight. Plans furnished—also complete building instructions. No wonder our customers write us that we saved them 30% to 40%, compared with builders' prices. Easy terms—3 years to pay.

Send for FREE BOOK of Liberty Homes

Handsome Big CATALOGUE FREE

Pictures wonderful homes in colors at money-saving prices. Designs to suit everyone. *Write for your catalogue today.*

LEWIS MANUFACTURING CO. Dept. 18, Bay City, Michigan

Send Your Children to the SUNSHINE SCHOOLS

This fall bring your children to sunny St. Petersburg. Let them enjoy the advantages of its splendid Sunshine Schools and its health-building climate. Abundant sunshine. Mild, even temperatures. Unusual freedom from epidemics. Finest public schools from kindergarten through 3-year junior college. Excellent private schools and Florida Military Academy. For special school folder and illustrated booklet write S.H. Deaderick, Sec'y., Chamber of Commerce—

ST. PETERSBURG FLORIDA

Fashion Careers: American Style

By CATHERINE OGLESBY

Ideal for the young woman who wants to enter this newest and most profitable field of endeavor, and for women already engaged in some branch of the fashion business, seeking the surest and quickest means of advancement in responsibility and salary. Intensely practical.

Profitable

"Fashion is a fertile field for women today both as to the number of opportunities in it and the compensation paid."—*Grace Cornell,* Authority on Industrial Design, and Lecturer on Color at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

An Inspiration

"It should be an inspiration to the world of young women who have good taste and the desire to make a career for themselves in fashion business."—*Mary Brooks Pickens,* President, The Fashion Group.

Price, $2.00; by mail, $2.14.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Half the Trip is Dining Enjoy Every Meal... Use MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

Keep Your Skin Clean Fresh Radiant with Cuticura Soap

Robert Garrett, the first discus champion at the 1896 Games, won the event with a toss of ninety-five feet seven and one-half inches.

Mild Heralds—Since the quarter-century after 1860, when the then lady-like sports of croquet, lawn-tennis, bicycling and archery zoomed into prominence as the mild heralds of a new freedom, women's athletics have undergone a hard-fought career of development.

Women weren't even allowed to watch the earliest ancient Olympics. When the modern series started in 1896 they were allowed to watch, but not to compete.

Ten years later, at the unofficial commemorative Games in Athens, sixteen of Denmark's handsomest girl gymnasts gave an exhibition. It went over with a bang, and in 1912 Olympic officials broke the ancient precedent by scheduling four swimming events for women.

In spite of the emergence of more and better women athletes, particularly since the War, Olympic officials haven't been particularly anxious to attract girl competitors. Of the nineteen events this year, only four were open to women: track and field, swimming, gymnastics and fencing.

The situation hasn't feazed the girl athletes very much. In Europe fourteen years ago they decided that if they couldn't perform in the Olympics they'd organize their own. They organized the Women's World Games and drew the best of the track and field stars who could afford to go to Paris for the opening meet in 1922.

Every four years several hundred of the fastest and strongest Amazons from all over the world descend on one of the thirty member countries of the *Fédération Sportive Féminine Internationale* for a three-day meet. The next one will be held in 1938.

Basketball Tops—In this country, where women have eased their way into almost every male sport from harness horse-racing to billiards, basketball still is tops. There probably are 1,000,000 girl basketball-players in America, Frank G. Menke, well-known sports historian, estimates.

And they're good basketball-players, too, and some now are almost as good at track and baseball as at basketball.

Next to basketball, more American women go in for swimming than any other sport. One reason why they're good at that, too, is that they start young. By the time they reach their early twenties, most competitive swimmers are old-timers.

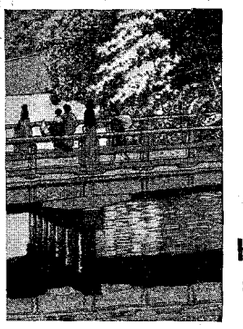
Marjorie Gestring, of Los Angeles, is one of the youngest athletes ever to compete for the United States in the Olympic Games. Marjorie is a champion diver. She is thirteen.

When she was three and one-half, the slender, blonde little girl went in for dramatics in a big way. By the time she was seven, she had appeared in eight motion-picture comedies.

Nine Medals—At nine, Marjorie started diving, specializing in the spring-board events. She learned the most difficult dives with no more trouble than she had learning her rôles for the movies. A ninth-grader in the Horace Mann Junior High School at Los Angeles, she already has won nine gold medals.

In swimming, track, basketball and every other sport into which they have boldly and efficiently intruded, women's accomplishments have been, comparatively, far superior to what men have done over a much longer period.

In the face of this tremendous progress



HOW MUCH *would it cost to see*

JAPAN?

Hardly more than an extended cruise. Or hardly as much as an inexpensive automobile! That's all. Yet you will have at least six weeks of luxurious First Class travel on the Pacific and in the Orient to show for it. If you go Tourist, the cost is considerably less.

Actually, a trip to Japan is one of the cheapest long vacations you can take. Steamship fares are the lowest in the world considering service and distance traveled; the yen exchange is heavily in your favor; and the Japan Tourist Bureau provides all-inclusive itineraries at lowest expense.

Consult your travel agent or the nearest office below for fascinating literature.

JAPAN TOURIST BUREAU

551 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., or 1151 S. Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif., or c/o Nippon Yusen Kaisha, 25 Broadway, N.Y.C.

The Key to Comfort in NEW YORK CITY

HOTEL GOVERNOR CLINTON

$3.00 Daily

Write for Booklet L

1200 Rooms . . . all with bath and radio

7th Ave. and 31st Street, New York City

Opp. Penn Sta. • Under Knott Management

VACATION Time! IN NEW YORK

It's a grand *thrill.* So much to see.. to do. Philharmonic concerts, art exhibits, theatres, cafes, shopping, seashore excursions, sightseeing. Within *this* hotel, charming atmosphere, interesting people, tea dansants, concert music, swimming pool. Daily *from* $4. Special monthly rates. Write for interesting guide of New York.

◈

THE ROOSEVELT

Madison Ave. at 45th St., N. Y.

Bernam G. Hines, Managing Director

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in relatively short time, why aren't more women athletes? Dr. Donald A. Laird, of the Psychological Laboratory, Hamilton, New York, asks and answers the question in *Scientific American*.

For one thing, the average woman has less competitive spirit. For another, obviously, she has less muscular strength. More important than the lack of strength, tho, is woman's slower reaction, an inability to use her muscles as quickly as men.

Most important of all, women's lungs are generally smaller than men's and can not take in as rapidly as his enough oxygen to pay off the "oxygen debt" built up by strenuous muscular work.

"If the average woman's credit were better," says Doctor Laird, "women would be better athletes than they are."

ATHLETIC LABOR: Champions and Also-Rans to Compete in Games for Toiling Classes

An organization that has the numerical strength, and, possibly, the ability, to develop into one of the world's most potent sports groups, will make an athletic reconnaissance in New York City this week-end.

Seven hundred athletes, including national champions and top-flight performers who failed to make the Olympic track and field team, will swarm into the elaborate Randall's Island Municipal Stadium for the first World Labor Athletic Carnival ever held in this country.

In Finland, whose governing athletic board is synonymous with the labor faction, in Sweden, in England, and in other European countries, workers have for years been busy in the ubiquitous business of outrunning, outjumping, outdistancing and outscoring each other in every phase of sport.

In this country, except for sporadic local track meets or informal, pick-up games, no attempt has been made previously to organize workers into a solidly-knit athletic association.

Big Response—Nation-wide response to the experimental gestures of the New York group, eventually to merge into a Labor Athletic Union has been astonishing. Last week sponsors of the Saturday and Sunday meet announced they had collected $25,000 on the advance sale, had arranged a return carnival next July, and were dickering with Madison Square Garden for an indoor running and jumping fiesta this winter.

Head-lined in the advance publicity for this week's meet is George Dimitri Varoff, twenty-two-year-old Hawaiian-born son of Russian parents, and one of the most spectacular also-rans in the Olympic try-outs.

Varoff, an apartment house janitor in San Francisco during the summer, and a music student at the University of Oregon the rest of the year, is a pole-vaulter.

In the national championships at Princeton, New Jersey, in July, Varoff vaulted his slender, 160-pound frame fourteen feet six and one-half inches, the highest jump ever made. Experts said he would break his own new world record the following week in the final Olympic try-outs.

Two Jinxes—In the try-outs on the same Randall's Island field where he will vault this week, Varoff came afoul the two strongest jinxes of every athlete: an "off day," and bad luck. On his last attempt to clear fourteen feet three inches, a height he had made easily before, his pole snagged in the take-off slot.

The same brand of tough luck kept Charles Beetham, another Labor Carnival attraction, off the Olympic team. Beetham, national and Big Ten 800-meter champion, was cofavorite with Ben Eastman, holder of five world records, in the try-outs. Halfway home, Beetham stumbled and fell, failing to finish.

Varoff, Beetham, Walter Marty, former world high-jump record-holder who also had an "off day" in the try-outs, and others who missed the boat, will compete in the twenty-three regular A.A.U. track and field events.

The Labor Unionites, whose patrons are staging the show, will compete in eight far less exciting events. An international soccer match between the New York Americans and the Ulster Uniteds of Toronto will wind up the affair.

Stormy Leader—Heading the labor athletic movement in this country is Judge Jeremiah T. Mahoney, sixty-one-year-old New York lawyer and former President of the Amateur Athletic Union.

Mahoney led the attempt to boycott the Olympic Games this year, and resigned his A.A.U. Presidency during the stormy antiparticipation battle in New York last December.

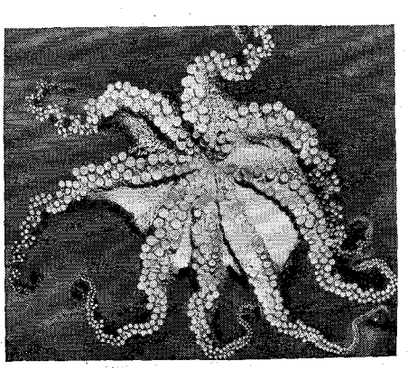
Mahoney, whose interest in labor problems matured when he was a boy working twelve hours a day for $2 a week, was a member of the United States Olympic team in 1908 at thirty-three. He developed an interest in running and jumping, he explains, because they are two events that don't cost any money.

Whether Mahoney and his aids will be able to make the American labor athletic movement as powerful as those in other countries is uncertain. That they have gotten off to a good start was assured with the announcement last week that the International Ladies' Garment Workers of Los Angeles had donated $75,000 to sports promotion.

DEVIL FISHING: Filipinos Take Deep Breath and Go After Octopus With Spear and Dagger

When the week-end quota of America's 10,000,000 or more licensed and unlicensed fishermen sets out this Saturday to stalk the wary trout and pickerel, most of them will leave home with more than a fair expectation of coming back alive.

Not so in the Philippine Islands, where the dusky sportsmen of Camiguin, a tiny pinhead of land off the coast of Mindanao, have made fishing one of the most spine-tickling sports in the world. No trout or pickerel for them.



Keystone

Seventy pounds of octopus: $4.50

Their game is the deadly octopus, their chances of coming back alive approximately fifty-fifty.

Every morning the tawny, adventure-curious natives set sail in small *sankayans*, or fishing-boats, for the coral reefs at Lakas, Nagting, Balbagon, Kaliling, Kantaan or Bonbon. Fishing is good there. Plenty of *kugitas* with long, powerful tentacles and sporting spirit.

Unarmed, wearing only a loin-cloth and water-tight goggles, the fisherman slips quietly overboard and swims noiselessly, peering down into the water for his prey. As soon as he spots one he climbs back into the boat and gets ready for the catch.

Camiguin fishermen usually operate in twos or threes. One of them, the *dakudaku*, or leader, gets first crack at the octopus. If he loses, somebody else gets a chance.

Deep Breath—With his friends watching eagerly, the *dakudaku* takes a deep breath, tightens his grip on the four-foot long spear and short, razor-like dagger and plunges overboard.

His first job is to plunge the spear into the octopus's body, then follow through with a series of lightning-fast stabs with the dagger before the eight-tentacled devilfish has a chance to grab him.

A wounded octopus retaliates by squirting forth an inky cloud of black liquid and then scuttling away out of danger. A fatally wounded octupus forgets about running. Instead, he winds his tentacles around his attacker and fights back.

Divers caught in a *kugita's* grip know the best thing to do is to destroy its nerve centers: the bulbous, gold-rimmed eyes. With teeth and clawing finger-nails the diver goes to work on them, trying to tear them out from their sockets and thereby paralyze his enemy.

If he succeeds in killing the monster he throws an arm around it and wearily scissor-kicks his way back up to the waiting *sankayan*. A few non-committal words about the fight, a few minutes' rest, and then off again in search of more *kugitas*.

Two Minutes—An inning usually lasts two or three minutes.

Sometimes, among the less sporting element of Camiguin's sporting fraternity, three or four men will take on a *kugita* simultaneously. But that raises the odds to slightly better than fifty-fifty and is therefore looked down upon.

How many Camiguin natives have perished in these daily skirmishes is unknown. Probably several hundred have been strangled and drowned during the decades of the sport's existence.

Why do they do it? Native Camiguins and Mindanaoans like *kugita* meat. The white, savory flesh is a fine delicacy. The head and dark brown tentacles are particularly tasty after a hard day's fishing.

Then, too, there's a chance to make a handsome profit.

Last year five Balbagon fishermen brought back a huge *kugita*, with tentacles five feet long, a head measuring thirty-two inches across, and weighing more than seventy pounds. It is believed to be the largest octopus captured in Camiguin in ten years.

Its captors took it to market in Mindanao and cleaned up. They sold it for $4.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wheels

SUPERBRAKES FOR STREAM-LINED ERA

Greater Speed Brings New Ways to Stop Train, Car, Plane

Timid travelers sometimes are fearful that 100-mile-an-hour speed will annihilate people, as well as time and space. More confident is the engineer of a modern stream-lined train, altho he would be the first to be killed in a wreck.

If, as he skimmed across the prairie at more than a mile and a half a minute, he spied a cow, a stalled automobile or a buckled rail a few hundred feet ahead, he could pull his air-brakes, come to a dead stop ten feet from disaster.

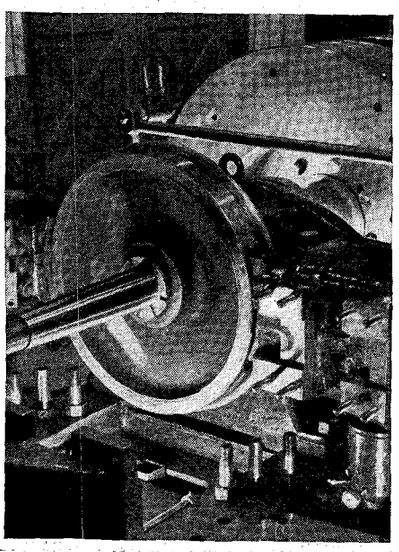
Not only because *he* had seen the danger, but because the alert research staffs of the brake manufacturers had seen it first. To the railroads, speed and safety are inseparable Siamese twins. The stream-liner, with 50 per cent. more speed, called for—and got—superbrakes.

The problem was somewhat complicated for the engineers by the fact that the new flyers, altho lighter than old-style trains, have fewer wheels, with the result that the brake-load on each wheel actually is greater than ever. In braking a train, the energy of heat that must be dissipated by the brake-shoe at each wheel varies directly as the weight on the wheel, and as the square of the velocity. Knowing all that, the engineers knew they had a tough job.

Tough, too, was the problem created by to-day's heavier freight-trains, operating on schedules as fast as yesterday's passenger limiteds. In both cases, their job was to stop a bullet-like mass of steel with safety and comfort, and within the prescribed distances.

Drastic Tester—To get at the facts, the American Brake Shoe & Foundry Co., of Mahwah, New Jersey, brought out a testing-machine which gives brakes even more rigid trials than they ever would face while clipping over the rails.

But speed-with-safety depends not only upon the brakes. While the New Jersey researchers perfected their modern mechanisms, other railway engineers were working on plans for improving the road-beds of the nation's lines. Good track is the foundation of high-speed operation. To-day, the steel ribbons that carry millions from Coast to Coast are being strengthened without any radical change in design. The Delaware & Hudson is experimenting with welded rails more than 1,400 feet long.



A laboratory brake-test that will some day mean lives saved in railroad operation

High-speed operation also calls for 100-proof road-bed. The sweating section-hand, no less than the engineer, holds lives in his hand. For back of all the details of track materials and construction, there must be sound ties, clean ballast of sufficient depth to support them and the train-loads, and a stable, well-drained road-bed.

Motor Gadget—Meanwhile, since the railroads have no monopoly either on speed or safety, the automotive engineers have had their own headaches, turned in their own miracles of scientific genius. Most observers are agreed that automobile brakes are more efficient to-day than ever before; but the motor industry has not stopped there. The next development in checking excessive speed and its resultant accidents on the nation's highways is likely to be perfection of the gadget called a governor.

Eight concerns already are manufacturing governors for motor-cars. These are of two types—carburetor and ignition regulators. When the set speed-limit is exceeded, the governor automatically reduces it, in some cases stopping the car, by cutting down the gasoline-feed or retarding the spark.

Two States, Alabama and Kentucky, have enacted laws compelling use of such governors. In Alabama, the statute calls for a device on all vehicles more than thirty-six feet long, and in Kentucky motor-trucks and semitrailers must have them fixed at varying speeds.

Arthur A. Bull, a member of the Society of Automotive Engineers, believes that if all motor-car engines had to be regulated by governors, manufacturers would build engines in such a way that they would not be capable of greater than the governed speeds.

However, he does believe that there is a definitely enlarging field for these new checks on speed. Police traffic officers testify that many motorists arrested for speeding admit that they do not know how fast they drive. The answer seems to be that they drive subconsciously, and that a governor, properly regulated, would keep them within the legal limit.

Plane Brakes—Even in the air, the quest for more speed is bringing new regulation. There is a new hydraulic brake for airplanes from five to six times as powerful as those formerly in use.

Amphibions and large planes with retracting landing-gear use multiple disk brakes enabling them to stop within 300 feet after making contact with the ground, while there are mechanical brakes for smaller planes.

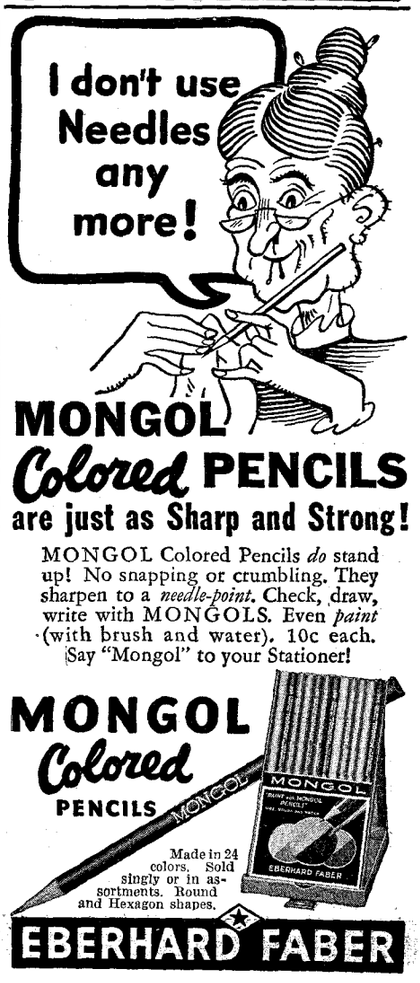
Successful brakes even have been developed to slow down planes while flying. They consist of a pair of flaps under the lower wings. These flaps are lowered when the plane is coming in to land. They set up more resistance, causing the ship to slow down and drop more quickly and in a shorter space, making emergency landings on small fields safe.

Chute the Works

Nature, proverbially lavish in tropics, provides Hawaii with every pleasure facility. Natural water chutes provide fun. Pineapples, king of fruit, grown on DOLE plantations, provide pleasure for Islanders and Mainlanders.

Astute Islanders, surrounded by fresh pineapples, drink DOLE Pineapple Juice from vacuum-sealed cans. They know that only finest, field-fresh, sun-ripened pineapples are pressed into service. Freshly pressed pineapple juice, in natural, unsweetened state, *is* packed by DOLE vacuum-packing process. For true tropical goodness, convenience, and economy ask for DOLE.

Hawaiian Pineapple Co., Ltd., Honolulu, Hawaii, U.S.A.—Sales Offices: San Francisco.


I don't use Needles any more!
MONGOL
Colored PENCILS
are just as Sharp and Strong!
MONGOL Colored Pencils *do* stand up! No snapping or crumbling. They sharpen to a *needle-point*. Check, draw, write with MONGOLS. Even *paint* (with brush and water). 10c each.
Say "Mongol" to your Stationer!
MONGOL
Colored
PENCILS
Made in 24 colors. Sold singly or in assortments. Round and Hexagon shapes.
EBERHARD FABER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ALBERTA'S GREEN-AND-PURPLE "$1.00"

For Two "Prosperity Certificates," Minister Buys Shirt and Tie

Acme

William Aberhart: he pays Alberta employees in "velocity dollars"

In his pay-envelope last week, Lucien Maynard, Alberta's Minister Without Portfolio in Charge of Scrip, found no Dominion currency. Instead, he counted crisp, green and purple stamp-scrip "dollars."

These his boss, Premier William Aberhart, had dubbed "prosperity certificates." Tucking them into his bill-fold, Maynard hastened to an Edmonton haberdashery, pausing only to summon reporters.

There he selected a shirt and tie and slapped two bright scrip dollars on the counter.

The haberdasher blinked at their purple inscriptions: "The Provincial Treasurer will pay to the bearer . . . $1 on the expiration of two years from date of issue upon presentation . . . provided there is attached to the back hereof 104 one-cent certificate stamps." On the reverse side, neatly blocked off, were 104 squares, one for each stamp.

The haberdasher jammed the "prosperity certificates" into his till and extended three coppers and one dime in change to the Minister Without Portfolio in Charge of Scrip.

Proudly the merchant fingered the certificates, beaming at the thought that his shop had been the first to transact business with the freshly issued "free money" dollars of Alberta's Social Credit Administration.

First Escape—In widely-scattered communities of Canada's westernmost Prairie Province, relief laborers also plunked "prosperity certificates" on grocery-counters, in butcher-shops and creameries. For more than 3,000 unemployed the new "hot money" constituted the first escape from relief tickets in three years.

George Towsaw, foreman at the hamlet of Beverly, near Edmonton, exulted, "Yes, I got my scrip, and I've spent most of it without any difficulty. It was the first time in more than three years that I could buy $50 worth of food and clothing without handing in a relief ticket. It's like being independent again."

Because Towsaw had a large family, he had received more than the $40 initial issue of scrip to each relief laborer. A month's wage totaled $80: $40 had been withheld for distribution during the winter when no road-work would be available.

With the stamp-scrip dollars, Premier Aberhart hoped not only to end unemployment but to demonstrate as well that the people's credit could be substituted for bank credit. A successful demonstration, he felt, would bring Social Credit's promise of $25-a-month to every citizen a step nearer.

Ludicrously simple was his "prosperity certificate" idea, the former high-school pedagog insisted.

Press Money—The Provincial Government merely hires a printer and turns on the presses. Out pop 200,000 "prosperity certificates" in denominations of $1. These the Provincial Government distributes to relief workers, government employees and any one else who is willing to accept them for materials or services. To keep certificates "fresh" and valid, holders each Wednesday must affix penny stamps which the Provincial Government sells for Canadian currency only. In two years, $1.04 of stamps accumulate on the certificate. Then the Government redeems it with Dominion currency out of the fund built by stamp-sales.

The weekly stamp-penalty also induces holders to part quickly with the certificate. Thus it becomes a "velocity dollar," rapidly moving into the channels of trade and pumping life-blood into the Province's currency-hungry system. The "hot money" would not constitute legal tender, the government stipulated. Neither would creditors have to accept them in payment for debts.

The plan would succeed, the pious, Bible-student Premier cautioned, only if Alberta's 731,600 inhabitants had faith in it. But to avert backsliding and embarrassing demands for prompt certificate redemption, Premier Aberhart decreed that "the Government does not intend to redeem the certificates for any or every one that may present them." Retailers, wholesalers and manufacturers could redeem them beginning in September, however, so that they could pay bills and replenish stocks from sources outside Alberta.

Dire Warning—Dourly, the Edmonton Chamber of Commerce and the Alberta branch of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association warned merchants that their members would have no truck with the new-fangled scrip.

But retailers throughout the Province posted placards which read: "Prosperity certificates accepted here." Reporters who scurried around to fifty-five Edmonton merchants learned all but one had welcomed the new money. The exception was a Scotsman who protested, "Nothing doing. I won't take this scrip as a gift. I have enough souvenirs in my jewelry shop, and it isn't money anyway."

Aberhart's critics agreed with the Scot. Led by the Edmonton *Journal* and Calgary *Herald*, the Conservative press pointed out that what Premier Aberhart hailed as a panacea really was a trick to spend money in advance of tax receipts.

This cumbersome method of printing "velocity dollars," critics rasped, was only an alternative to borrowing from a bank. In reality the stamps affixed weekly to the certificates constituted a sales tax on the consumer.

Albertans already pay a 2 per cent. sales tax to the Province and an additional levy to the Dominion. In addition, the Aberhart Administration had sharply boosted income taxes, increased land taxes and motor levies.

Instead of becoming a Social Credit Utopia, foes jeered, Alberta was one of the most heavily taxed communities on the Continent.

Classical Argument—Foes of the scrip money invoked classical economics. The scheme was bound to fail, they argued. Didn't bad money always drive out the good? In this, early events proved them right. Already, merchants held on to the good Dominion money, refusing to give change for scrip dollars except in credit-slips.

Critics also were right in accusing Aberhart of hatching nothing new. In 1906, Silvio Gesell, a Swiss merchant who had made his fortune in Argentina, invented "free money."

In his book, "The Natural Economic Order," he argued: Commodities are perishable, but money is not. To end depressions, create money that will perish as rapidly as commodities. He urged a currency that would depreciate in value by a stated percentage each week.

To offset the depreciation, the holder would affix a stamp equal in amount to the depreciation.

When the amount of stamps equaled the face value of the currency, the holder could exchange his money for new government currency.

Hawarden, Iowa, Cleveland and other American cities in 1933 paid relief workers with stamp-scrip money.

To spend the scrip, the holder had to attach a three-cent stamp purchased from the city. When the stamp scrip changed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hands thirty-six times, the city had $1.08 with which to redeem the scrip. In effect, the scrip was no money, but a 3 per cent. sales tax on the consumer.

Other Critics—As bitterly critical of Premier Aberhart's "prosperity certificates" as sound-money advocates were those Social Creditors who had tired of waiting for Aberhart to pay basic $25 monthly Social Credit dividends.

Aberhart sought to soothe them: "If this works, we'll have Social Credit before we know it," he said.

But critics stormed, "The velocity dollar has nothing to do with Social Credit at all." Furthermore, they decided Aberhart was not the man to make the Social Credit dream true. That man was Maj. Clifford Hugh Douglas, engineer and father of Social Credit. Major Douglas had fallen out with Aberhart, his former pupil.

Aberhart announced that he had tried "my very best to get Major Douglas to come at about $100 a day . . . if some one else can get him to come to Alberta . . . we will be very pleased."

In answer, Dr. W. S. Hall, Social Credit M.P. from Edmonton East, produced a letter from Major Douglas. The Major had promised to hurry to Alberta as soon as Aberhart is dethroned.

To accomplish this feat, foes last week launched the new anti-Aberhart Social Credit Party.

BILLS, BILLS: Debt-Doctors Who Use Stratagem to Make Delinquents Whack Up

A young man, in debt to a Chicago clothier, never was at home to strangers. But one night recently, a timid, feminine knock drew his nervous gaze through his narrowly opened door. To the comely blonde outside he readily admitted his identity—only to become one of the Chicago young men who have increased collections of one Chicago credit-bureau by 50 per cent.

On delinquent debtors, credit-managers expend their finest guile. For one-fifth of delinquents who fail to respond to home treatment, managers call in professional debt-doctors from credit-bureaus and collection-agencies. With a bagful of tried and tested appeals, the wily debt-doctor goes to work.

Underwood & Underwood

Debt-doctor prescribes home treatment for delinquents who won't pay up

Most often he employs the painless operation of invoking the debtor's kindliness, pride or sympathy. Seldom does he try the appeal of a Japanese silk importer who wrote: "Unless you make immediate payment on this account, we shall be forced to take step that will positively astound you." Wise credit-men know that the debtor prefers to be astounded rather than pay his bill.

Three Wires—Only guardedly does the professional bill-collector essay a threatening tone. As threats, he has a number of schemes. Recently Postal Telegraph offered a serial service. Three telegrams bombarded the unhappy borrower in the space of twenty-four hours:

1. Our patience exhausted. Must have account paid at once.
2. Please send check for account long past due. Wire answer.
3. Remit at once, or drastic action follows.

The telegrams either brought a payment or raised the debtor's choler to such a degree that the bill became virtually uncollectable.

In the similar strong-arm category lies the device of leaving a glaring red truck before the debtor's house. On it is painted boldly: "We collect bad debts."

But usually agencies abjure bullying. The collector must retain good-will so that the customer returns. Also, the agency must not risk a boomerang. To a widow who owed $28, a collection-agency wrote: "We will bother your employer until he is so disgusted that he will throw you out the back door."

In a suit against the collection-agency, the widow charged she had suffered mental anguish and humiliation. From the $350 assessed against the agency she paid her $28 debt.

Agencies fear to push debtors too far, for, sometimes, delinquents become audacious. Two years ago, hordes of debtors scribbled across dunning letters: "Who's afraid of the big, bad wolf?"

Millions In—With these schemes and their inherent difficulties, more than 1,800 agencies in the United States annually glean collections which net them approximately $35,000,000 in fees. Most fruitful ground for operations is California, where 194 agencies bloom; New York State has 189; little Vermont and Delaware have three and four, respectively; Oklahoma and Missouri have none, legislators feeling that small claims-cases would clutter up the courts.

Last week the National Credit Men's Association, which aids 8,000 manufacturers, jobbers and wholesalers to solve credit problems,* indicated that debt-collections for first half of 1936 topped the similar 1935 period by 33⅓ per cent.

To business men this constituted heart-warming news, for retailers (department, clothing and grocery stores) do 53 per cent. of their business on credit; service retailers (doctors, dentists, tailors and landlords) do 90 per cent. Undertakers, with 94 per cent., do the most business on credit.

In their work, debt-doctors have uncovered enlightening human characteristics. If a woman debtor writes them, "Of course I am an honest woman," they promptly

*Of 570 business failures studied by the Department of Commerce in 1932, bad debts were held responsible for half of manufacturer failures, 33 per cent. of wholesalers' bankruptcies and 21 per cent. of retailers' mortalities.

Is it your turn to be generous?

Parents are proud. If they must be dependent upon you today, probably it is because they were generous to a fault when you were younger. Make it easier for them with a retirement income for life, arranged the John Hancock way. Even a few dollars a month they can call their very own can make a substantial difference in their outlook on life. Let us send you our booklet which tells the retirement story.

John Hancock
MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

JOHN HANCOCK INQUIRY BUREAU
197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass.
Please send me your booklet, "Money For All Your Tomorrows."
Name.....
Street and No.....
City..... *State*.....
L. D. 8-36

ROOTS OF AMERICA
By CHARLES MORROW WILSON
A sincere study of the people whom the author found on the rural roads of America, men and women more concerned with seedtime and harvest than with the new currents of political and economic thought.
"It is a sympathetic portrait gallery of grandsires and gaffers who have hard, competent hands, and who are sure of themselves, and who still believe that their theories and ideas mean something because they worked them out rather than borrowed them."—*N. Y. Times.*
316 pages, with 33 full-page photographs, $3.00; by mail, $3.14.
At all bookstores or from the Publishers
FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, 354-360 Fourth Ave., New York

Only 35c. a Volume Post-paid
ALL 5 VOLUMES ONLY $1.60 POST-PAID
Only 35c. a Volume Post-paid
Invaluable to all nature lovers, teachers, parents
Five Pocket-Size
GUIDES TO NATURE
Interesting, instructive, accurate. Contain reproductions, *in natural colors*, of common American and European plant-, insect-, and animal-life, with common and scientific names of each. All illustrations—no reading matter whatever, except names and index.
1. **COMMON AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN INSECTS** (prepared under the supervision of William Beutenmüller, Curator of the Dept. of Entomology, American Museum of Natural History). 127 illustrations in natural colors.
2. **AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN BUTTERFLIES AND MOTHS** (prepared under the supervision of William Beutenmüller). 113 illustrations in natural colors.
3. **AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN BIRDS.** 97 illustrations in natural colors.
4. **AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLANTS.** 92 illustrations in natural colors.
5. **AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN MAMMALS.** 63 illustrations in natural colors.

Size about 3¼ inches wide by about 6 inches high. Buckram grained Paper Binding. Price 30 cents per volume; 35 cents, post-paid. Five volumes, $1.60, post-paid.
Funk & Wagnalls Company, 354 Fourth Ave., New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

berate her as a fraud and an embezzler; if a man writes, "Naturally I don't want this to get into court," the agents inform him a summons is on the way. Prompt payments usually follow.

"Skips" Traced—Of $1,500,000 bad debts placed with a representative New York agency in 1935, 80 per cent. were collected in full; 10 per cent. were collected in part; 10 per cent. remained bad debts. For its services the agency charged up to 50 per cent. for debts under $25, 10 per cent. on debts exceeding $1,000.

The toughest problem of the agencies is locating "skips," address unknown. To nab them, a California debt-sleuth incorporated as an agency for locating missing heirs. With that intention blazoned on envelops, the firm sent letters to delinquents' last-known addresses, requesting that the letters be forwarded.

Few were the letters that failed to reveal the "missing heirs'" whereabouts.

OTHERS' MONEY: Inquiry by SEC Into Investment Trusts May Produce Snappy Drama

Into the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia two weeks ago marched one Frederick T. Fisher. As a stockholder in Equity Corporation, he demanded protection from "irreparable damage," proceeded to sue for an injunction that would hamstring the Federal Securities and Exchange Commission's newly begun public probing of front-rank investment trusts and their doings.

Into the same august court last week strode David Schenker, aggressive SEC

Wide World

David Schenker: formidable SEC Counsel

Counsel, who imputed to Mr. Fisher bad faith and purpose to conceal. To bolster his charge, he declared that Mr. Fisher's material interest in Equity Corporation is precisely two shares of common stock, having a value of $3.75.

Thus faint Wall Street hopes that the hamstringing might be accomplished were rudely cast down. Simultaneously, Washington's belief that the investment-trust inquiry would prove to be a truckload of dynamite appeared to be amply justified.

Of such dynamite Wall Street bulls and bears have heard disturbing rumors for months. Since last November, a carefully selected SEC staff has been steadily at work, collecting facts and fancies with which investment-trust promoters and managers will now be publicly confronted. Dr. Paul P. Gourrich, formidable Russian-born head of SEC's able research division, and one-time chief economist for Wall Street's No. 2 banking house, Kuhn, Loeb & Company, is directing the workers.

Preparing himself to examine and cross-examine is SEC Counsel Schenker, vigorous assistant to Ferdinand Pecora throughout that devastating investigation of stock markets and stock exchanges which led to their shackling by the drastic Securities and Exchange Act of 1934.

Fireworks Due—Supervising both is Commissioner Robert E. Healy, grim, and no friend to the old financial order, who presides over the hearings at Washington. Chiefly upon these three will depend the fireworks of the inquiry and the recommendations that will go to Congress in January for Federal regulation of investment trusts of the management type.

Such investment trusts are companies which buy and sell and hold securities at the discretion of their unrestricted managers. Their purpose is profit from changing security values. Once Wall Street called them "blind pools," but that was before financial bigwigs learned the trick of incorporating them and obtaining their capital by selling their shares to the public. Later they became private or semiprivate "trading corporations." Their present form, however, is a New Era development.

18 to 600—Fifteen years ago, only eighteen were in existence, and their combined capital barely exceeded $250,000,000. By the end of 1929, they numbered more than 600, and the sum of their capital funds topped $8,000,000,000.

Most of this came from the pockets of the more sophisticated gambling "investors" of the prepanic period. In those days, enterprising banking houses could not turn out investment-trust shares fast enough to supply an ever-mounting demand. Every new issue was oversubscribed before its appearance. Such Wall Street names as Goldman-Sachs and Seligman attained great new glory as sponsors of soaring Blue Ridge, Shenandoah, Tri-Continental and the like. Few banking firms were so conservative as to keep their fingers out of the pie. Few knowing speculators were so backward as to go without slices.

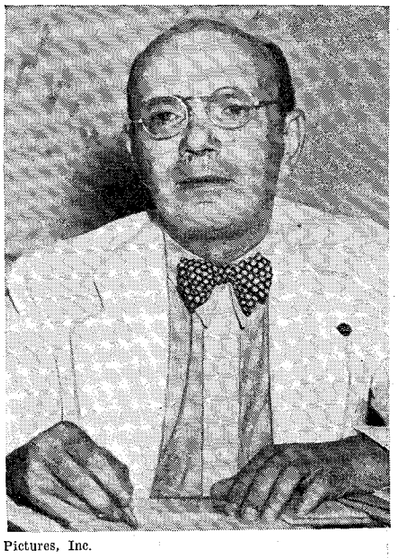
But all that changed suddenly when panic came and depression followed. Unavoidably the falling stock market depreciated investment-trust security assets with incredible rapidity, and the depreciation fell chiefly upon the equities represented by their common stocks. Prices fell swiftly and disastrously. Public confidence in the wisdom and good faith of investment-trust managers speedily turned into public distrust, supplemented by public anger.

Whereas, in 1929, trust shares regularly commanded premiums over their calculable asset value, in 1932 scores of them could be bought at obvious discounts. With that inevitably came consolidations, shifts of control, dovetailing of assets and ownerships whereby shrewd middlemen profited hugely before stock-market recovery set in. It is with the processes of such jugglings, as well as with the evils which preceded them, that the SEC inquisition is concerned.

Perhaps, however, "inquisition" is too harsh a word, for it does connote a punitive spirit which Counsel Schenker has not yet disclosed. Nevertheless, nothing in the Schenker record suggests that offending trust managers and bankers will be let off easily at Washington. Not bellicose, as was his patron, Pecora, the SEC's attorney, who will pillory investment-trust abuses, has plenty of fire to turn on when needed, has plenty of ability to scorch with. Manhattan-born, wearing honors from the College of the City of New York and from Columbia University, David Schenker looks younger than his thirty-six years, plays handball to keep down his waist-line, does his best work under pressure, has one of the most amazing memories in the government service. Calling himself a "pragmatic liberal" in politics, he firmly disbelieves in any sort of restrictive law that does not promise to work efficiently—and smiles when he says so.

Sharply contrasting is SEC's economist, Paul Gourrich, who objects to being called an economist because it connotes impracticability, and who will make the ammunition which Counsel Schenker will fire. Long a student of financial practises and statistics at Paris and London, he is literally a New Deal recruit from Wall Street. Admittedly, his experience there amply fitted him to gather the material upon which the investment-trust inquiry is based. Slight, bald, bespectacled, he holds national rank as a statistician, is vastly proud of it, is prouder still of the fact that his knowledge was gained at first hand by going through the mill.

Good Show—Guided as it will be by Commissioner Robert E. Healy, judicial-minded and stern-chinned, this Schenker-Gourrich team would seem to guarantee Wall Street at least an interesting, perhaps disquieting, show during the next five months. Perhaps



Pictures, Inc.

Dr. Paul P. Gourrich: able SEC researcher

some parts of it will suggest a police court. Yet to investment trusts, as such, probably neither the New Deal nor its representative SEC is really hostile. The Roosevelt Administration has indicated that. Its recently enacted revenue law specifically exempted mutual-investment concerns from surtaxes. Nervous owners of trust shares reasonably may assume, therefore, that curbs upon management rather than curtailment of proper operations in securities will be the objects of such legislation as will follow the SEC's newest investigation into the way of Wall Street with other people's money.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mail

(Continued from page 1)

the penitentiary is greater than other occupations. For the two years ending June 30, 1932, the occupations of the prisoners received in the penitentiary were:

Farmers, 151; laborers, 145; mechanics, 20; cooks, 15; painters, 12; miners, 10; barbers, 10; carpenters, 9; truck-drivers, 9; clerks, 7; salesmen, 7.

The number admitted of other occupations varied from seven to one. There were during this time three bankers admitted. There were no lawyers, merchants, dentists, nor physicians.

This corresponds with the previous years and also corresponds with the admissions at the insane asylum.

A. F. JENSEN, M.D.

Rugby, North Dakota.

[Doctor Jensen's survey is so interesting that THE LITERARY DIGEST wishes it had had it as a basis of comparison with the survey by Doctor Sanders of 1,000 men in the penitentiary at Lewisburg, Pennsylvania. Apparently, it would be necessary to survey every institution in the country to arrive at conclusive figures.—*Editor.*]

Milk Containers

Sir:—In a recent issue you mentioned: "Paper has stiffened up and come forth with containers in which one-third of the nation's bottled milk is marketed."

This statement is extremely hard to believe, and we wonder if you would be good enough to give us your authority for this statement.

This question is not prompted by any desire to be critical. We are simply very much interested in the subject.

R. M. PRICE.

Springfield, Massachusetts.

[Authority for the statement was a well-known package manufacturer and writer on packaging subjects. THE LITERARY DIGEST and its informant regret the inaccuracy. In 1935 paper-base milk-containers made up more than one-third of the total *sales* of all types of milk bottles or containers.—*Editor.*]

Thank You

Sir:—I like THE LITERARY DIGEST very much. I have taken it at different times during the past forty years. I enjoy it during the hot political campaigns and I am ready for the campaign straw votes.

AMOS B. HALTON.

Jonesboro, Arkansas.

Sir:—I have received four copies of your publication and have enjoyed reading them. I like the clear, open and digestible way the articles are presented. A person can form his own opinion of an incident by reading both sides.

N. S. SHANTZ.

Preston, Ontario, Canada.

[We can't find that letter from the reader who thinks THE LITERARY DIGEST is the most indigestible publication in America.—*Editor.*]

Race or Sect?

Sir:—I like to believe with Stephen G. Rich (whose letter appeared in a recent issue) that the Jews to-day are nothing but a religious sect, and not a race. The fact that some of them aspire to the time when Palestine may again be their homeland is not at all indicative of any desire on their part to create a hierarchy, as some suppose; the hope is rather a remote and cherished prayer that the name "Jew" may thus be accorded the respect which they had lost when they ceased to be a nation 1,800 years ago when they were vanquished by the Romans.

While the Jews have settled in every country of the world after their dispersion, purely as a haven from persecution, they have carried their philosophy and what they could of their civilization with them. It is a commentary on their resourcefulness (often ignobly called aggressiveness) that they have distinguished themselves in every endeavor in spite of obstacles.

Personally, I believe they should be accorded the same rights and privileges, and receive the same protection in every country where they have made their homes, as do Protestants and Catholics.

And if some of them are in high places of distinction as executives, they should be honored and respected when they perform their tasks capably.

I do not agree with the implied statement that Italo-Americans and Irish-Americans are regarded as separate races along with the Jews.

It seems to me that only in the latter case is this tag generally adhered to.

My impression of the different races comprising mankind is as follows:

Caucasian or white race.
Malay or brown race.
Indian or red race.
Mongolian or yellow race.
Ethiopian (Negro) or black race.

(MRS.) SUSAN EHRLICH.

Brooklyn, New York.

Poetry

Sir:—I have been interested in some of the recent comments on your poetry page and heartily agree with many of the commentators that it "ain't what it used to be."

Some fifteen years ago (more or less), you published a poem beginning something like this:

Noah and Jonah and Cap't John Smith,
Mariners, travelers, magazines of myth.
Settin' up in heaven, a-chewin', and a-chawin',
Eatin' their tobacco and a-talkin' and a-jawin'.

This poem may not have the sentimentality attached to some of the more modern verse. But, in my opinion, it is better poetry.

E. A. HODGDON.

Saugus, Massachusetts.

Slips Concluded

Sir:—I noted in a recent issue of LITERARY DIGEST that W. C. Thomas asked the Editor to spare the readers the comment under each of the "Slips that Pass in Type."

I believe the page containing the "Slips that Pass in Type" is one of the most pleasing departments of THE LITERARY DIGEST to most of your readers.

Would suggest that you leave it as is, and let Mr. Thomas skip that page.

N. SMITH.

Binghamton, New York.

[The antis win the argument. Note that comment is omitted from the "Slips" this week.—*Editor.*]

Best Poets

Sir:—Complying with the request of John Fairburn Holmes of Glen Ellyn, Illinois, I submit herewith the ten best poets the world has ever produced (in my estimation):

Kipling, Shakespeare, The Brownings (2), Burns, Longfellow, Tennyson, Poe, Bryant, Goethe.

Of course, it is understood that there is plenty of opportunity for a wide difference of opinion. Perhaps I might better have said, or added, "according to my taste" or something like that. *Kipling, above all others, is my favorite.*

WILLIAM FRANCIS HOOKER.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

"The Nude"

Sir:—In a recent issue there is a picture entitled "The Nude Descending the Stairs."

Did the "Nude" descend or fall down the stairs?

After diligent search we were unable to find the "Nude," the picture seemed like a puzzle. Inquisitive, we would like to know just where to find this "Nude."

HARRY M. MARQUIS.

Bridgeport, Nebraska.

[The modernistic picture contains not one but several robot-looking nudes to give the impression of movement down the stairs. To trace the movement look from top left-hand corner of the picture to lower right.—*Editor.*]

Weather Signs

Sir:—I have read the article on "Lengthening of Weather Forecasts" in a recent issue and I take strong exception to inferences that all weather proverbs are "bunk."

Some of them, including all you mentioned, are based on sound physical laws. They are not infallible indicators of the coming weather, but they are helpful to that large fraction of

WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

Tiburcio Carias-Andino—President of Honduras—as if *tee-boor'see-o kah-rree'ahss ahn-dee'no*, but discard the *Andino* in conversation.

Hisaya Iwasaki—Japanese taxpayer—each *i* as *ee*, and *a* as *ah: hee-sah'yah ee-wah-sah'kee.*

Koyata Iwasaki—Japanese industrialist—becomes *ko-yah'tah ee-wah-sah'kee.*

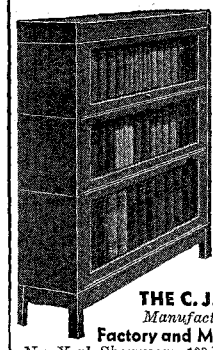
Takakimi Mitsui—another heavy taxpayer—just *tah-kah-kee'mee mit-soo'ee.*

Kitchizaemon Sumitomo—heaviest taxpayer—all vowels separate: *kit-chee-zah'ay-mon soo-mee-toe'mo.*

Hidekichi Wada—Japanese financial writer—as if *hee-deh-kee'chee wah'dah.*

Lundstrom
IT GROWS WITH YOUR LIBRARY
SECTIONAL BOOKCASE

Endorsed by Over 200,000 Users



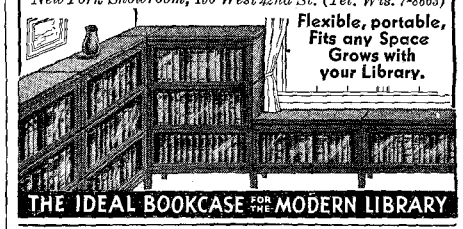
$2.25 and Up PER BOOK SECTION

DIRECT from FACTORY on 30 DAY APPROVAL

USED in some of the finest homes and offices throughout the country. Furnished in different materials, designs and finishes, imparting almost any desired effect.

Write for Free Copy of Our Illustrated Catalog No. L-836.

THE C. J. LUNDSTROM MFG. CO.
Manufacturers of Bookcases since 1899
Factory and Main Office: Little Falls, N. Y.
New York Showroom, 130 West 42nd St. (Tel. Wis. 7-8663)



Flexible, portable, Fits any Space Grows with your Library.

THE IDEAL BOOKCASE FOR THE MODERN LIBRARY

BOYS

Money and FREE Prizes for You!

Here is a *real* chance for you to do what thousands of other boys have done and are doing—

Have a Business of Your Own

=That will pay you
several dollars each week for your spare time. Boys earn OVER $5.00.

=That will give you
as a cash bonus, from one to twenty-five dollars or more *extra* every thirteen weeks—the longer you stay at it, the bigger it grows.

=That will offer you
your choice of many free prizes.

=That will make you
many friends.

=That will teach you
business from the ground up, and pay you money and prizes while you are learning.

=That is easy to do—
only a couple of hours each week.

=That takes no money
to start.

If your answer is yes, write your name and address on the attached coupon, or copy it on a card or piece of paper, and mail to-day.

Junior Sales Dept., The Literary Digest, Desk BB, 354 Fourth Ave., New York City

Please tell me about your plan, and how I can earn money and get Free Prizes.

Name..... Age.....

Street .....

City..... State.....

Parent's Signature .....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

any population that does not get the official forecasts.

Confessedly, they refer to essentially local weather and for but a few hours ahead, as a rule, but most of us are more interested in local weather than in that which is hundreds of miles off.

To pooh-pooh all weather proverbs is to pooh-pooh all signs of the sky, signs all of us use, including forecasters.

Washington, D. C. W. J. HUMPHREYS.

[THE LITERARY DIGEST did not infer that "all weather proverbs are 'bunk.'" It did indicate that they are not as reliable as weather forecasts.—*Editor.*]

Townsend

Sir:—I have been a subscriber to THE LITERARY DIGEST for a number of years, and I must say that I dislike to see such gross misrepresentation as appeared in your issue of July 25 regarding the Townsend Convention in Cleveland.

You will see by the enclosed photo that the Townsend Plan is not to be downed by misrepresentation and belittlement; had there been but the 11,000 your article mentioned the hotels could easily have accommodated them.

Cleveland. JAMES B. DAY.

[THE LITERARY DIGEST'S story of the Townsend convention was intended to be an impartial account of the proceedings, just as its stories of the Socialist, Republican and Democratic conventions were written from an unbiased view-point.

From more than fifty newspaper reports of the number of delegates and visitors at the Townsend convention, 11,000 was selected as the average.—*Editor.*]

Head-Lines

Sir:—Why should law-abiding people be constantly irritated by such head-lines as: "Daring Youths Rob Service Station," "Thrill Slayer Wields Ax," "Bold Yeggs Crack Safe"?

Does not the habitual use of the words bold, daring, thrilling, *etc.*, convey to the impressionable minds of a certain type of youth and to adult morons the vicious notion that there is a certain glamour to crime?

Why not use such head-lines as: "Cowardly Curs Crack Safe," "Chicken-Livered Youths Rob Service Station," "Yellow Cowards Rob Bank"? OLAF STROMME.

Bellingham, Washington.

Faith

Sir:—An article in a recent issue reads: "The Christian faith is the only true one." Altho the word faith does not always mean religion, in this case I surmise that the writer meant as much.

There is nothing new in the Christian religion which did not exist in all other religions of man, previous to the coming of Christ, and that includes asceticism and Savior-Gods. There may be some excuse for that kind of talk to emanate from the Fundamental South, but there is no excuse for it to come from the educated centers. ADOLPH BOUDOUSQUIE.

New Orleans.

Oxford Group

Sir:—May I express to you my appreciation of the fact that in one of your recent issues you printed an article referring to the Oxford Group. I trust that this article may be the forerunner of further literature of this type and that your circulation may be immeasurably increased as a result.

Calgary, Canada. A. W. HOBBS.

"DON'T JUST STAND THERE—GET WITNESSES!"

—Hoff in The New Yorker

The Spice of Life

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Golden Rule.—"Your doctor's out here with a flat tire."

"Diagnose the case as flatulency of the perimeter and charge him accordingly," ordered the garage man. "That's the way he does."—*Enka Voice.*

Grand Total.—"And upon what income do you propose to support my daughter?"

"Five thousand a year."

"Oh, I see. Then, with her private income of five thousand a——"

"I've counted that in."—*Grit.*

Your Error.—The visitor called at the village library. "May I have the 'Letters of Charles Lamb'?" he inquired.

"You're in the wrong building, Mr. Lamb," said the new clerk pleasantly. "The post office is just across the street."—*Toledo Blade.*

Ambition.—A tramp applied to a gentleman for a few coppers to buy some bread.

"Can't you go into any business that is more profitable than this?" he asked.

"I'd like to open a bank if I could only get the tools," answered the tramp.—*Montreal Daily Star.*

Truth Is Stronger.—OLD BOSUN (pointing to Chinese characters on laundry ticket)—"Is that my name?"

LAUNDRYMAN—"No, him b'long desclip-tion. Means li'l ol' man in shining suit, cross-eyed, no teet'."

OLD BOSUN—"Er—thank you."—*U. S. Coast Guard.*

Bone Dry.—The Irishman was relating his adventures in the jungle.

"Ammunition, food and whisky had run out," he said, "and we were parched with thirst."

"But wasn't there any water?"

"Sure, but it was no time to be thinking of cleanliness."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Learned a Lesson.—A small boy was seen sitting moodily on his front doorstep.

"What makes you so miserable?" a friendly neighbor inquired.

"Well," replied the boy, "if I had it to do over again I wouldn't eat up sister's lipstick—even for spite."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Prelude.—SCOTCH GENT—"My lad, are you to be my caddie?"

CADDIE—"Yes, sir."

S. GENT—"And how are you at finding lost balls?"

CADDIE—"Very good, sir."

S. GENT—"Well, look around and find one so we can start the game."—*West Point Pointer.*

Backward.—"Don't they teach you to salute in your company?" roared the Major to Patrick Malone, who had passed him without raising his hand.

"Yes, sir," replied Pat.

"Then why didn't you salute?"

"Well, sir," was the candid reply, "I didn't want to attract more attention than I had to, 'cause I ain't supposed to be out here without a pass."—*West Point Pointer.*

Prescription.—"What do you take for your insomnia?"

"A glass of wine at regular intervals."

"Does that make you sleep?"

"No, but it makes me satisfied to stay awake."—*Telephone Topics.*

Modern.—VISITOR—"How old are you, sonny?"

BOSTON BOY—"That's hard to say, sir. According to my latest school tests, I have a psychological age of 11 and a moral age of 10. Anatomically, I'm 7; mentally, I'm 9. But I suppose you refer to my chronological age. That's 8—but nobody pays any attention to that these days!"—*Christian Science Monitor.*

Slips That Pass in Type

WANTED—Middle aged lady to cook.—*Bristol (Va.-Tenn.) paper.*

TWO NEWLY REDECORATED UNFURnished rooms with path.—*Greensboro (N. C.) paper.*

WANTED TO RENT—Farm, have equipment to swindle 400 acres.—*Devils Lake (N. Dak.) paper.*

At the top of the hill, the motorcycle policeman overhauled the car and ordered the driver to pull over to the side of the street.—*Providence (R. I.) paper.*

A coroner's jury that celebrated three hours found that S——— shot in self-defense after P——— attacked him with a rock.—*Nogales (Ariz.) paper.*

The funeral service of Mrs. Fred nity house, last Friday evening. The audience was so highly pleased that a return engagement is hoped for.—*Keene (N. H.) paper.*

So numerous were the calls about the weather at the H——— home even in the middle of the night that it was necessary for Mr. H——— to ask the telephone company o' wetlninsaitpalhlhonetoti . . . . . —*Kansas City (Mo.) paper.*

Life Guard L——— also stated to-day that a state health department official will make another visit to this city within a day or two to examine the water, and will make public his findings regarding the sanity of the water.—*Dover (N. H.) paper.*

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Marriage Licenses

Oldsmobile sedan to Ed M. H———, Motoaka; Oldsmobile sedan to B. B. M———, Princeton; Oldsmobile sedan to Ruth W. D———; Reo sedan to Charles H———; Oldsmobile coupe to Robert H. P———; Hupp coupe to Robert T———, Bluefield.—*Bluefield (W. Va.) paper.*

In order to prepare them for the ordeal of the Olympic Berlin's working population today began "a week of laughter" at the suggestion of the labor front.

"The coming eight days will be days of jollity and cheerfulness," said the announcement. "Prior to the strain of the Olympic week, Berliners should take stock of themselves, then with merry heart and friendly expression of their faces deceive their Olympic guests None should miss this chance."—*Pittsburgh (Pa.) paper.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Our Two Plymouths AVERAGE 23 MILES PER GALLON!"

HE IS a Fifth Avenue designer of fine jewelry...she makes a practical hobby of interior decorating...each drives a Plymouth. And both Mr. and Mrs. William Pitt, Stamford, Conn., have their own individual reasons for preferring Plymouth.

"It's such a beautiful car...in such perfect taste, both inside and out," says Mrs. Pitt; "so comfortable and easy to drive."

"Why, say," declares Mr. Pitt, "any one can see there is genuinely fine workmanship throughout the whole car...the engine runs as smoothly and beautifully as a fine watch. And economical? The average for both our Plymouths is about 23 miles per gallon of gas!"

Mr. and Mrs. Pitt emphatically agree on the safety of *double-action* Hydraulic Brakes and a Safety-Steel Body. Of "All Three" only Plymouth gives you both!

Compare "All Three" low-priced cars before you buy...they're priced about the same. And be sure to drive the beautiful 1936 Plymouth...at any Chrysler, Dodge or DeSoto dealer. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION.

EASY TO BUY

You can buy a new Plymouth for $25 a month. The Commercial Credit Company offers all Chrysler, Dodge and De Soto dealers low terms that make Plymouth easy to buy.

$510

AND UP, LIST AT FACTORY, DETROIT
SPECIAL EQUIPMENT EXTRA

"A SWEET RUNNING ENGINE! Real power with economy...and Floating Power takes out vibration."

"I CERTAINLY LIKE THIS BIG TRUNK... there's plenty of room for everything."

"THEY'RE THE SAFEST BRAKES made. See how quickly you stopped...in a straight-ahead line?"

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED